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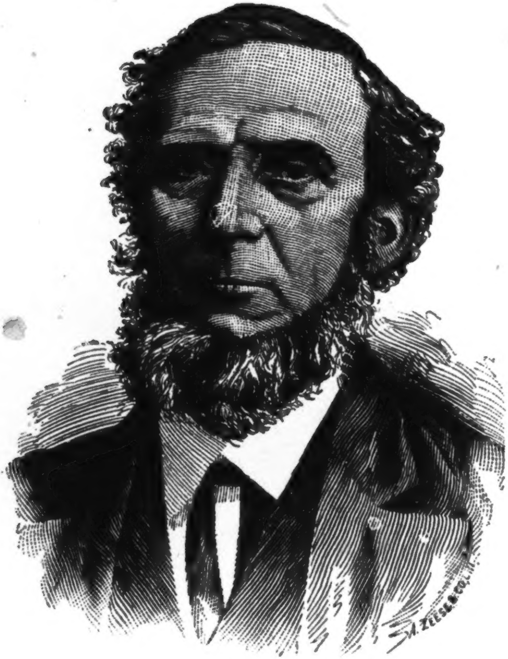
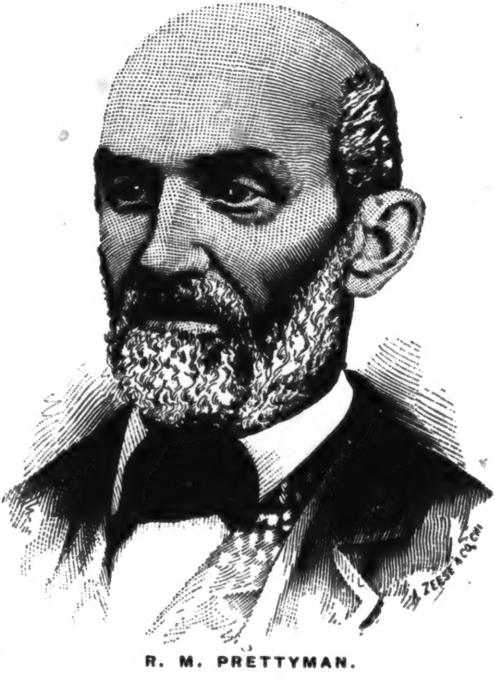


J. M. D. BURROWS.


A. ZEESE & CO. CHI

R. M. PRETTYMAN.

FIFTY YEARS IN IOWA:

BEING THE

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF
J. M. D. BURROWS,

CONCERNING THE

MEN AND EVENTS, SOCIAL LIFE, INDUSTRIAL
INTERESTS, PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT,
AND COMMERCIAL PROGRESS

OF

DAVENPORT AND SCOTT COUNTY,

DURING THE PERIOD
FROM

1838 TO 1888.

DAVENPORT, IOWA:
GLASS & COMPANY, PRINTERS AND BINDERS.
1888.

EXPLANATORY.

IN submitting to my fellow-citizens this volume, containing the recollections of a round half century of life in Iowa, and more particularly in Davenport and Scott County, among the old-time friends and their descendants, to whom I now look for such audience as I may be favored with, it seems proper for me to explain briefly the circumstances that have led me to attempt a task so unaccustomed as the making of a book.

About a year ago, after a long life of constant activity and exceptionally good health, I was stricken with heart disease. As usual with that dreaded malady, the attack, in my case, was wholly unheralded and unexpected. It prostrated me completely at the time, and since then I have been unable to perform any physical labor.

Casting about, in this extremity, what I should do to gain a livelihood while life might be granted to me yet a little longer, it was suggested by friends that many persons would read with interest some account of men and events in Scott County, as I knew them, during the pioneer days of the early '40's, together with such personal gossip and reminiscences of business struggles, social changes, and other local matters in the later history of Davenport, as I could set down in narrative form.

Acting on this idea, I have written the book presented herewith. Much of the writing has been done when the writer was able barely to sit up in bed. Many of the facts have been jotted down regardless of temporal sequence, as they came uppermost in my mind, between spells of physical suffering. The exigency of the circumstances, forcing me into the heretofore untried field of literature, even in this humble form, must stand as my apology for whatever is crude in the story.

One feature of the book does not please me, as I read the proofs of the completed work: it is that the narrative seems so permeated with the presence of J. M. D. Burrows. Many times his personality has crept in almost without the knowledge, certainly without the intent, of the writer. These instances, which escaped notice while the history was being written, are unpleasantly apparent to me now. But, as I have been giving my own recollections, mostly of scenes in which I was a principal actor, I hope that my friends will consider these repeated, though oftentimes unconscious, references to self as, at the worst, a necessary evil, rather than as purposely intrusive egotism.

The more confidential relationship of reader and writer in prefatory chapters must be my excuse for one more purely personal statement. Every one who knows anything of me and my history, knows that I made several fortunes during my active business career in Davenport. Some may ask, and with reason, "Why did he not lay by a competency against the barren days of old age?" I answer that it was my hope and expectation to do so; yet, in the years when prosperity smiled upon me, there were crises in the commercial life of Davenport and Scott County, when the welfare of the community seemed to demand my continuance in business. I continued, and sacrificed more than one fortune in my perhaps mistaken, but at least unselfish, loyalty to the interests of the community. Had the right man appeared to take my place at any one of several important junctures in the affairs of Davenport, I should have stepped down and out gladly. As it was, I stood in the breach too long.

To this closing explanation, I add the hope that this work — my last — will prove not only interesting to such of my friends and former co-workers as still live to read it, but instructive to the younger generation, as a faithful, if rudely drawn, chronicle of the vicissitudes which we, who are passing rapidly away and out of their memories, underwent to make Davenport what it is.

J. M. D. B.

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CHAPTER I.

THE VILLAGES OF STEPHENSON AND DAVENPORT IN 1838—A FIRST GLIMPSE OF IOWA SCENERY—THE FERRY PRIMEVAL AND CAPTAIN JOHN WILSON—"CITIZENS, 25 CENTS; STRANGERS, 50 CENTS"—FROM CINCINNATI BY HORSE AND BUGGY—HARDSHIPS ON THE WAY—SOME EARLY SETTLERS.

On the 27th day of July, 1838, I was on board the magnificent steamer Brazil, Captain Orrin Smith, my destination being Stephenson, now Rock Island City, Illinois. When I arose in the morning, the steamer was just landing at Buffalo, Scott County, Wisconsin Territory, now Iowa. The scene upon which I gazed enchanted me. The sloping lawns and wooded bluffs, with the sea of beautiful wild flowers, were a picture of loveliness such as I never had beheld before. The remainder of the trip I spent on the guards of the boat, enraptured with the beauty of the ever-changing scenery.

We arrived early in the day at the village of Stephenson. Before night my business was accomplished. My landlord, of the Rock Island House, informed me that I would not be able to get a boat until the return of the Brazil, some two days later. I will say here, that the Rock Island House was a credit to the town, and a much better hotel than I expected to find in this then new country.

On the next day, after partaking of a good breakfast, I decided to cross the river and examine the lovely little hamlet of about a dozen houses, which looked so cosy, nestled under the bluff. At that time, the ferry was run by that veteran, Captain John Wilson, and consisted of two steamboat yawls and a flat-boat. There were several passengers besides myself, and, as soon as we left the shore, the old gentleman began to collect his fares. I noticed that each passenger paid twenty-five cents. I tendered my quarter, when I was informed *my* fare was *fifty* cents. I demurred, of course, and was surprised, as well as somewhat amused, to be told that for "citizens" the fare was twenty-five cents, but for strangers it was fifty cents. I replied, "Oh! that is the way you do here, is it? Where I came from, they treat strangers the best."

On landing, I found a beautiful little hamlet of fifteen houses, with a population of about one hundred and fifty persons. I did not expect to see any one that I had ever seen before, but I soon met a man whom I had known well in Cincinnati — a carpenter — B. F. Coates. He received me warmly, and introduced me to D. C. Eldridge and several more Cincinnatians. The little town was settled mostly by people from Cincinnati. They all insisted that I should close up my business in Stephenson, and wait in Davenport until my boat returned, and they would spend the time in showing me the most beautiful country the sun ever shone upon. I consented, and Mr. Coates took a horse and buggy, and drove with me out some five or six miles in different directions.

It was just the time of year when the country showed to best advantage. The prairies were covered with wild flowers, and the beautiful landscape was unsurpassed. I said to myself, "This shall be my home."

On the return of the Brazil, I left, with the intention, if I possibly could, to emigrate. As soon as I returned to Cincinnati, I advertised my place for sale, and, in a few weeks, found a purchaser. I then determined to return immediately, and to make a more thorough examination of the country before taking such an important step.

Both the Ohio and Mississippi rivers were, at that time (October), very low, and navigation tedious. I decided to make the trip by land, so purchased a horse and buggy, and was making arrangements for the journey, when I was called upon by John Owens, whom I had never seen before. After introducing himself, he said he understood I intended to make a trip to Wisconsin Territory, and he wanted to go along. He offered to take a half interest in the outfit. He was not quite ready to go, and I agreed to wait ten days for him.

At last the day arrived, and lo! it was a Friday. Owens said he would not begin such an important enterprise on Friday, and insisted that we should wait until Saturday, which I opposed, on the ground that it was too late in the week. We were both anxious to be off, so we agreed to start on Thursday evening, and go two or three miles, which we did, setting out about sundown, and driving some three miles.

We found the roads through Indiana very rough and tedious, a great share of them being what was called "corduroy;" but through Illinois they were excellent, although there was a great want of bridges, and in fording some streams we found it quite dangerous.

The great prairies of Illinois were a magnificent sight — one vast sea of grass and flowers, and most of them as level as a floor. We passed very few farms. Fifty years ago there were not many settlements in Illinois. We crossed a number of prairies, where, as might be said, we were out of sight of land — not a house or a tree to be seen. There was a great deal of sickness on our route. We had to attend our own horse, and, most of the time, sleep on the floor, with a blanket and a pillow for our bed.

Ten days and a half from the time we left Cincinnati, we forded Rock River, and soon reached our future home. At that time, Stephenson, on the Illinois side of the Mississippi, was a considerable town, and a much older and more important place than Davenport Rock Island contained no inhabitants except Colonel George Davenport and his family. Old Fort Armstrong, with its block-houses, occupied the west end of the Island.

Mr. Owens and myself spent some three weeks in thoroughly examining the country. One of the best settlements was in Pleasant Valley. The Hydes, Captain Hawley, Moss & Bradley, Sam. Hedges, C. Rowe, Adam Donaldson, the Henleys and Fennos were there. There was a small saw-mill on Duck Creek, and a grist-mill, containing one small run of stone, on Crow Creek. Both these streams contained twice as much water then as now.

We drove back to Allen's Grove; also to Walnut and Hickory Groves, where we found John Dunn, L. Lathrop, Dennis R. Fuller, and the Carters, all of whom were hard at work making themselves homes. Below Rockingham, Enoch Mead, David Sullivan, Captain James Murray, Foster Campbell, James E. Burnsides, Lewis W. Clark, and others, were busily engaged in laying the foundation of Scott County's future prosperity.

CHAPTER II.

Buying a Squatter's Claim in Scott County — Cuts Drawn for Choice of Halves — The Difficulties of House-Building — Down River in a Yawl — Trials of Early Navigation — An Honest Landlady — A Railroad Journey to New Jersey.

After a thorough examination of the county, and making the acquaintance of many of the settlers, we both determined to emigrate, and purchased the eighty-acre tract west of and adjoining the town. It was a squatter's claim. We paid four hundred and fifty dollars for it, and each wanted it, so we agreed to divide it, and to draw cuts for the first choice. I won, and chose the half next to the town, for which I paid two hundred and fifty dollars, Mr. Owens taking the other half at two hundred dollars. We then concluded to lay claim to a section of land, and selected Section 17. We divided it, north and south, and, each again wanting the half adjoining the town, we drew cuts, as before. I won, and took the part I wanted.

Fearing we would have trouble to find our claim, we hired Strong Burnell, who was breaking prairie in the vicinity, to plow three furrows around the whole section, for which we paid thirty dollars — ten dollars a furrow. We proposed to plant this strip of plowed ground with locust trees.

The next thing I did, was to make arrangements to build a house on my forty acres. I found a man in Davenport, a settler of that year, who had bought a lot and erected a frame on it, but who had become discouraged, and wished to return East. I bought the frame standing, paying one hundred and twenty-five dollars for it, and engaged B. F. Coates to take it to pieces and put it up on my land, leaving money with him with which to buy weather-boarding, sheathing, etc., and it was agreed that I should bring the shingles, flooring, doors and windows with me in the spring, from Cincinnati, which would be much cheaper and better.

We had now spent three weeks here, by which time we both had become homesick, and began to look around for a way to return, as we did not wish to return by land. I paid Mr. Owens for his interest in the horse and buggy, and let a man have the use of it for keeping it until spring.

The river was so low and the season so late that we could not get a boat, so we bought a yawl of the ferryman, paying thirty dollars for it. Before we started, William Collins and a Mr. Galt, of Moline, applied to us for passage. They were carpenters, and each had a large tool-chest. Our craft was a large steamboat yawl, but four men and two heavy tool-chests made it draw nearly as much as a steamboat. A number of times we grounded, not being good pilots.

Of our crew of four, two are dead. John Owens died many years ago. William Collins died in Davenport, last summer. Mr. Galt still lives in Moline, and has been in feeble health for some years. Neither he nor the writer can last much longer. Fifty years after a man has reached twenty-four does not leave him much vitality.

At eleven o'clock, A. M., we pushed off, and set our faces homeward. We took turns at rowing, and, by dusk, saw a nice log cabin on the bank of the river, on the Iowa side, at the head of a slough. We landed and engaged accommodation for the night. Our landlord was a Mr. Cloud, the sheriff of Muscatine County. We were as hungry as wolves, and such a supper! Fried squirrels, hot biscuit, pure white honey, hot coffee, *et cetera.* As we had eaten nothing since morning, we did full justice to the princely meal.

The next morning at daylight, telling our host we would not wait for breakfast, we pulled out for what was then Bloomington, now Muscatine, and soon after sunrise found a little cluster of houses in the woods, one of which was a tavern. Getting our breakfast there, we again pulled out. At about nine o'clock that night, we landed at Oquawka, Illinois, in a cold, driving rain. It was as dark as pitch, and we were met at the landing by about fifty drunken Indians, with firebrands and lanterns, which they waved, yelling and shouting. We thought our scalps in danger; but our dusky escort piloted us to a tavern in safety.

In the morning, the weather was blustering and threatening more rain, but we pushed out once more. The river was rougher than we expected, and, in attempting to cross to the Iowa side, we were nearly swamped. We could make neither shore; but, finding a willow island near by, we hauled our craft up in the willows, and stayed there from sunrise until sunset, when, the wind falling, we started out and went as far as Burlington, where we stayed all night and found good accommodations.

About sunrise, the next day, after a good breakfast, we again put our faces southward. When about a mile below the town, in the middle of the river, I accidentally put my hand into my pocket, and discovered that my pocket-book was missing. On reflection, I remembered putting it under my bolster the night before, and, as it contained all my money, some two hundred and eighty dollars, I told the boys to put me ashore as soon as possible. I made double-quick time for the house, and went directly to the bedroom. The bed had been made, but I soon tore it to pieces. Just then the lady of the house appeared.

"Are you looking for your pocket-book?" she asked. "Here it is; I found it when I made your bed." The woman was honest — no one to blame but myself.

Our next stopping-place was Nauvoo, where we stayed all night. When we started in the morning, the people informed us that our yawl drew too much water to cross the rapids, and we would likely be wrecked; but we pulled out about sunrise, hoping, some time during the night, to reach Quincy, where we expected to get a steamboat, as we had been told there were two boats running between that place and St. Louis. After working hard all day to reach Quincy, we made a mistake, just before dark, by running into a slough about fifteen miles above the town. After following the slough for a mile, the water failed, and we ran high and dry on a sand-bar, some four hundred feet from the shore. We worked faithfully until midnight, when, tired and discouraged, we concluded to leave the boat there until morning, and waded ashore in water about two feet deep, and, in some places, deeper. We hoped to find a house or cabin, but, after exploring half an hour and yelling until we were hoarse, we ascertained that we were on an uninhabited island, so had to pass the night under a big oak tree, with no blankets, wet and hungry, having had nothing to eat since morning. The weather was very cold, it being about the 15th of November. We were a sorry set. We gathered leaves for our bed, limbs and brush to protect us from the sharp wind, and a large pile of stumps and chunks for a fire. We divided ourselves into two watches; one to keep up fires for three hours, while the other slept, and then changed watches.

In the morning, as soon as we could see, we succeeded in getting our craft afloat, and towed her up the river about a mile, where we struck the main stream, and had no further trouble in reaching Quincy. We arrived there about twelve o'clock, noon, nearly starved, having had nothing to eat since sunrise the day before. We ordered our dinner prepared as soon as possible, and were told that the regular dinner would be ready in half an hour. It was a sumptuous dinner, and we did it full justice.

About two o'clock P. M., the steamer Burlington, Captain Throckmorton, arrived. The Captain said the boat would return to St. Louis at four P. M. We put our yawl in charge of a warehouse man, to keep until spring. He put it in his warehouse, and during the winter he was burned out, and we lost our boat.

On reaching St. Louis, we found a steamer just ready to start for Cincinnati, and, securing passage, we had no further trouble. I reached home on Saturday morning. On Monday evening, I started

East, with my wife and child, to spend the winter in New York and New Jersey, where I was born and spent the days of my childhood. I never spent a happier winter.

In making my trip East, I took a steamer to Wheeling, and thence by stage to Lancaster, Pennsylvania, where I struck the first railroad I ever saw, by which I went to Philadelphia—and *such* a trip!

There were no separate accommodations for ladies. There were rough bunks for sleeping, which we did *not* avail ourselves of. Men were drinking, smoking, playing cards, and cursing and swearing. You would have thought you were in a saloon. Such was my first experience in railroad travel, fifty years ago.

CHAPTER III.

SCARCITY OF HOUSES IN DAVENPORT IN 1839—TWO SMALL ROOMS A MANSION—OUTBREAK OF THE ROCKINGHAM AND MISSOURI WARS—MARSHALLING THE DAVENPORT PATRIOTS—REVOLT LED BY THE KNIGHT OF THE SHEET-IRON SWORD—JUDGE GRANT AND THE HORSE-THIEF.

About the 1st of March, 1839, I received letters saying the Mississippi was about to break up, and at once I commenced making arrangements to return. Being anxious to add to the population of the little settlement in Iowa, I persuaded two brothers-in-law, Wheeler Crane, a carriage-maker, and Joseph Beach, a painter, also my two brothers, Lewis and David, stout lads in those days, to accompany me. Our journey was without incident until we reached the lower rapids, where we had a tedious time, getting fast on the rocks, and being nearly a week getting over.

At last, on the 4th day of April, we reached our future home, being put ashore on the bank of the river, about half way between Perry and Rock Island streets. I remember the day well. It was a gloomy day, the wind blew a perfect gale, and everything looked cheerless.

I found that the man whom I had engaged to put up my house had betrayed me. The money I had left with him to purchase lumber, he had applied to his own use, and there was nothing on the ground but the naked frame which I had purchased in the fall.

The first thing to be done was to find shelter for my wife and child. I succeeded in renting two small rooms, just finished, about twelve feet square, at the corner of Third and Ditch (now Harrison) streets. The rooms were very small and inconvenient for a family of seven persons. We were obliged to go out of doors from one room, to get into the other. They had been built for offices, but in those days we had to do the best we could.

In about two weeks, I had my house weatherboarded and shingled; and, putting down loose boards for a floor, moved in at once, and then finished it, a room at a time. I found the little town a busy place, every one anxious to secure a home. Some settlers, besides myself, came in that spring, and a number of houses had been commenced, and the inhabitants of the little town were as active as a swarm of bees.

But the *great* excitement was the Rockingham War, and, a few weeks later, the Missouri War. I served in both, like a true soldier and patriot. The Rockingham War was tedious, lasting about two years, and four pitched battles were fought, with varying success. The contest was for the county-seat, which Rockingham had and was loth to give up. She had been the emporium of Scott County, outnumbering Davenport in population and business. But two years made a change. Davenport had grown materially, both in population and capital, while poor Rockingham had reached her growth, some of her citizens deserting to the enemy, and, at the last election, sixteen of her people voted for Davenport. As an inducement for the people of Scott County to vote for Davenport, the citizens offered to build the court-house, and present it to the county, free of all expense, promising it should be equal to the court-house across the river, at Stephenson, Illinois; and it was a *faç simile.*

In the early summer we were called upon by the Governor to volunteer to march to the Missouri line, and drive the Missourians from our sacred soil. There was no necessity to repeat the order. We were all fighting men in those days. The war between Rockingham and Davenport was suspended for a short time, and we all united to resist this invasion of our territory by the miserable Missourians. Davenport was selected as headquarters for Scott County. The day appointed for us to meet was a lovely, spring-like morning. Nearly every man in the county was present to be enrolled. Our Colonel, Sam. Hedges, made us a patriotic speech; but what a sorry lot of soldiers he had to drill! Not having any guns, many came with pitchforks, scythes, hoes, and clubs. One man had a sheet-iron sword, six or seven feet long. Many were drunk, and all were noisy and disposed to jeer and make fun of our officers. Our Colonel could stand this no longer. All who were drunk, and those improperly armed, were ordered out of the ranks. We who remained were getting hungry, as it was then dinner time, and asked for rations, when we were informed that we would have to furnish our own blankets, whiskey, and hard-tack, which the government would refund at some future day. This we objected to. We were willing to shed our blood for our beloved Territory, and, if necessary, to kill a few hundred Missourians, but we were not going to do that and board ourselves.

At this juncture, we saw approaching, in solemn column, our fellow-soldiers who had been discharged. They were led by the man with the long sheet-iron sword. They charged on us, and it makes me blush to say, that, notwithstanding we were three to their one, we were badly defeated and scattered in every direction. The Knight of the Sheet-Iron Sword made for our Colonel, and nothing but the Colonel's superior fleetness saved him. As he ran he informed us that we could go home; nothing more would be done until he received further orders.

At this time Congress was in session, and, becoming alarmed at the civil war impending, interfered. The poor barbarians of Missouri, hearing of the hostile demonstrations being made in Davenport and other river towns, withdrew from our Territory. A few months later the Supreme Court met and decided in our favor, and all was peace.

Meanwhile, our little village was growing, and the contest between it and Rockingham for the supremacy had been resumed. During February, this year (1839), the first Protestant church was organized—the Presbyterians. During the summer, the Congregationalists and Baptists organized. Neither of these congregations had any church building, but held services in carpenter shops and warehouses. The Catholics had organized in 1838, and erected the first church building in the town.

In May, 1839, hearing that it was court week, and as it was raining hard and I could do no business, I thought I would attend court. There was a small frame building on Ripley street, at the corner of the alley behind Lahrmann's Hall. It had been built for a carpenter shop, and was used by the Presbyterians for church purposes, and there court was held. I found the little room crowded, and Judge Grant, then "'Squire" Grant, just arranging to defend a horse-thief. The Judge worked cheap in those days. I overheard him whisper to his client: "If you don't give me five dollars before I commence, I won't defend you."

CHAPTER IV.

"BRIMSTONE CORNER" IN DAVENPORT—SOME EARLY BURYING-GROUNDS—COFFINS THAT FLOATED—ESTABLISHMENT OF THE FIRST NEWSPAPER, THE "IOWA SUN"—A REMARKABLE PRIZE POTATO, AND HOW IT WAS MADE—EDITOR LOGAN'S RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION.

Nearly the whole little settlement, at that time, was about the foot of Ripley street, which was called "Brimstone Corner"—I suppose on account of the hot style of preaching indulged in there, in those days.

I found a number of the little band which I had left there in the fall in perfect health, had gone "to that bourne from which no traveler returns." The first ten years I passed in Davenport, there was much more sickness than now. Ten per cent of our population died some years, which was attributed to the breaking up of such large tracts of prairie, producing a miasma which caused fevers, etc.

Our first burying-place was in a corner of a field on the Cook farm, on the north side of the Rockingham road, nearly opposite the west end of the present Davenport City Cemetery. This was used but a very short time. The next burying-place was at the corner of Sixth and Le Claire streets. It was a miserable selection, and was soon abandoned. I officiated as pall-bearer on two occasions while we buried there. The first was the burial of Judge Mitchell's father. It being early spring, we found the grave half full of water, and had to wait until it was bailed out. But the water came in so fast that the coffin was nearly covered before we could fill the grave. The other was a Dr. Emerson, who died in the Le Claire House, and was the owner of the celebrated slave, Dred Scott.

Our next burial-place was the present Davenport City Cemetery. The writer and a few other gentlemen, not considering this location desirable (it being too near the rapidly growing city), nor the extent of the grounds sufficient for the purpose, and seeing the need of a city for the dead, combined to secure one that would be a credit to the city when we were dead and gone. It resulted in Oakdale, particulars of which will be given hereafter.

About this time, the first newspaper was established in Davenport. It was called the *Iowa Sun*. Andrew Logan was editor and proprietor. He worked hard to bring the town into notice, with his puffs and marvelous stories of our prolific soil. On my claim was a little piece of ground, some four or five acres, which had been broken up and fenced before

I bought. That I immediately planted, and raised the best garden in the county. The two lads, my brothers Lewis and David, seeing the wonderful accounts in the *Iowa Sun* of the productions of other parts of the county, determined to outdo them. We raised, in those days, that king of potatoes, the Neshenocks. It was a large potato, with numerous prongs. Selecting some half-dozen of the largest, the boys fastened them together with dowels, or wooden pins. When I came home at night, they brought it to me.

"See what we dug to-day!" they said. "Don't that beat anything the *Iowa Sun* has published?"

I replied, "I think it does. What a monster!"

I was completely "sold." I said I would take it up in the morning, and give it to Mr. Logan. The next issue of the *Iowa Sun* did full justice to the wonderful production, defying any other soil to produce its equal. The editor said if any one thought it an exaggeration, the skeptic could call and see the monster, as it was hanging up in his office, where he should keep it for a few weeks on exhibition, after which he proposed to try its eating qualities. About two weeks later, during which time the prize potato had been examined by hundreds, our fellow-citizen, John Forrest, Esq., took hold of it, and noticed that one prong was wrong end foremost. So he pulled it apart, and the trick was exposed. Had the boys not made that mistake, the potato would doubtless have been cooked before the joke was discovered. It created a vast amount of fun, and a big laugh at the expense of the *Iowa Sun.*

It is said that Mr. Logan abstained from eating potatoes for over a month.

After the discovery, Mr. Forrest hastened up town to my store. He said: "Burrows, they have a big joke on you, down town, about that big potato." He then told me what had occurred. I told him I was "sold" with the rest, for I knew nothing about it. He advised me to keep away from Logan for a few days, or I would lose my scalp.

CHAPTER V.

THE INTERESTING HISTORY OF THE REV. MICHAEL HUMMER — HIS ECCENTRIC HABITS AND HIGH TEMPER — HOW HE FELL OUT WITH THE IOWA CITIZENS OVER A CHURCH BELL — THE PLEASING BALLAD OF "HUMMER'S BELL."

In looking over the "Annals of Iowa," to refresh my memory, I saw an article on the Rev. Michael Hummer, who was a very early settler, and, I believe, taught a private school or academy in Stephenson, now Rock Island City, Illinois, in 1838. In the spring of 1839, he received a call from the Presbyterian Church in Davenport, just organized, to preach for them for six months, which he accepted. He was a very talented man, and was considered, for years, the ablest clergyman in the State; but he was very peculiar. He possessed a high temper, and did not hesitate to show it if occasion required.

After fulfilling his appointment with the Presbyterian Church of Davenport, the Rev. Mr. Hummer accepted a call to the Presbyterian Church in Iowa City. While occupying that position, he was sent East to solicit aid for a church they were about to erect. Among other donations, he procured a church-bell, which was brought out and properly hung in the church-steeple. After some time, he and the congregation falling out, in his imperious style he claimed possession of the bell as his property, which claim the church contested. The Rev. Mr. Hummer left Iowa City, and went to Keokuk. After a good deal of wrangling, he appeared in Iowa City, one day, with a wagon and ladder, and, going to the church, with the aid of his ladder he succeeded in getting into the steeple, and, unfastening the bell, lowered it into the wagon. The citizens immediately took the ladder down, and drove his team away with the bell, which they hid in the Iowa River, leaving the Rev. Mr. Hummer to his meditations, in the steeple. So many persons have inquired of me about this affair, that I thought it would be interesting to weave the facts into this narrative. I copy from the "Annals of Iowa:"

> The future historian of Johnson County will, doubtless, devote at least one chapter to that talented but most unscrupulous individual, yclept the Rev. Michael Hummer, with whom, in the minds of the oldest inhabitants of Iowa City, his bell is so inseparably connected.
>
> That bell, famed both in caricature and story, as the highly prized jewel of Hummer, so singularly abducted, and so secretly

and securely concealed, was the subject of some hastily written versicles, entitled "Hummer's Bell," that, at the time, attained considerable popularity, not so much, perhaps, from any intrinsic merit of their own, as from the incident that gave rise to them.

The first copy of the *brochure* was given by me to Stephen Whicher, Esq., who, upon his own volition, had a number privately printed and circulated, in which, greatly to my annoyance, several changes and interpolations appeared, totally at variance with the original; and, as it is extremely doubtful whether a correct and perfect *copy* can, at this time, be found, I have thought it might be sufficiently interesting, as one of the reminiscences of former years, to have "Hummer's Bell," like the fly preserved in amber, embalmed in the pages of the Annals of Iowa.

A part of the first verse was the improvisation of the Hon. John P. Cook, the legal vocalist of the day, who, upon hearing a ludicrous story of the bell's departure, broke out in song, to the infinite merriment of the members of the bar present, and, in his sonorous and mellifluent tones, sang the first six lines, to the well-known popular air of "Moore's Evening Bells." Stephen Whicher, Esq., who made one of the merry company, carefully noted down the fragmentary carol, and, meeting me soon afterwards, earnestly solicited me to complete the *song*, as he termed it. His request was immediately complied with, and in a few moments, the whole versified story of the bell was tol-d in an impromptu production, of which I append a copy, *verbatim et literatum*, from the original MS. now lying before me, and which has never been out of my possession:

HUMMER'S BELL.

Ah, Hummer's bell! Ah, Hummer's bell!
How many a tale of woe 'twould tell
Of Hummer driving up to town,
To take the brazen jewel down.
And when high up in his belfre-e,
They moved the ladder, yes, sir-e-e;
Thus, while he towered aloft, they say
The bell took wings and flew away.

Ah, Hummer's bell! Ah, Hummer's bell!
The bard thy history shall tell;
How at the East, by Hummer's sleight,
Donation, gift, and widow's mite,
Made up the sum that purchased *thee*,
And placed *him* in the ministry.
But funds grew low, while dander riz;
Thy clapper stopped, and so did his.

Ah, Hummer's bell! Ah, Hummer's bell!
We've heard thy last, thy funeral knell;
And what an aching void is left—
Of bell and Hummer both bereft.
Thou, deeply sunk in running stream,
Him in a Swedenborgian dream.
Both are submerged—both, to our cost,
Alike to sense and reason lost.

Ah, Hummer's bell! Ah, Hummer's bell!
Hidden unwisely, but too well;
Alas, thou'rt gone! Thy silvery tone
No more responds to Hummer's groan.
But yet remains one source of hope,
For Hummer left a fine bell-rope,
Which may be used, if such our luck,
To noose our friend at Keokuk.

W. H. T.

I was well acquainted with Mr. Hummer when he lived in Davenport, and always had a great deal of charity for him, as I always thought him *non compos mentis*. When he left Iowa City, he moved to Keokuk, and, after creating a great deal of excitement in propagating his views on spiritualism, which he embraced in his latter days, he became so unpopular that he went to Missouri, not far from Kansas City, since which time I have lost track of him, but have been told he is dead. The celebrated bell, I understand, has been recovered from the sands of the Iowa River, and is now in possession of the Mormons, at Salt Lake.

CHAPTER VI.

"BREAKING" A SCOTT COUNTY CLAIM — THE FIRST DAVENPORT VEGETABLE WAGON — ENGAGING IN THE MERCANTILE BUSINESS — TESTING A ROCKINGHAM DOCTOR — SOCIABILITY OF THE OLD SETTLERS — THE DELIGHTS OF THE EARLY "STRAW RIDE."

My two brothers-in-law returned East in a few months. They were not made of pioneer timber, and said this country was only fit for Indians. On the 1st day of January, 1840, the population was about five hundred, with one hundred houses. During the year 1839, I devoted my time to breaking and improving my claim. Soon after my arrival, in the spring, I went over to Henderson Grove, Illinois, and purchased two cows, and two yoke of oxen to plow my land; also, a lot of poultry. On my return, I could find no feed in the place, so took a trip to New Boston, Illinois, and laid in a supply of corn, etc. By this time my money was about exhausted, and, having my five-acre tract well planted with garden-truck, much more than my family could use, I concluded to start a vegetable-wagon, and sent my youngest brother, David A. Burrows, then a lad of about twelve years, up town, every morning, with a load of vegetables, which he took from house to house. This was well patronized, and proved a relief to the community, as the great cry in those early days was for something to eat. So D. A. Burrows has the credit of being the first vegetable peddler of Davenport.

I had expected, when I came here, to turn my attention to farming, but found my wife too delicate for that mode of life, so concluded to go into some kind of mercantile business, in the spring. During the fall and winter I cut down some oak trees on my place, and hewed out a frame for the building I occupied for so many years, on Front street. I then hired a carpenter, a Mr. Rumbold, and worked with him, and by the opening of navigation it was ready for occupancy. Early in March I started for Cincinnati, to see if I could not get some supplies for a store. I had no money. My little all was invested. I had a cousin, John A. D. Burrows, of Burrows & Hall, Pearl street, Cincinnati. They were the largest wholesale grocers of Cincinnati. He said: "Take all you want out of our stock." So I laid in a full supply of groceries.

I also found a man who had received, in a trade, an old stock of boots and shoes, which had been well culled over. He wanted to sell to me, and would sell cheap, but I refused to purchase such an outlandish stock of goods. If he wished, however, I told him, I would take them on commission, and sell them on halves, which I did. I do not think he could have sold them in Cincinnati in one hundred years.

During the summer of 1839, while the Rockingham feud was most intense, my wife was taken dangerously ill, from the fatigue and exposure to which she had been subjected. Davenport had two physicians, but neither of them seemed to do her any good; and as Dr. Barrows, then of Rockingham, was considered the ablest physician in the Territory, I determined to call him, Rockingham or no Rockingham, which was a very unpopular thing to do. I was warned that it was unsafe to employ him — I would have to watch him, as he would pocket everything he could lay his hands on. He was given about as good a character as Ben. Butler received in New Orleans during the late war.

The good doctor responded promptly. My wife improved rapidly under his treatment, and from then until Dr. Fountain married my daughter, he was our family physician. The doctor was then in the prime of life, and stood at the head of his profession.

In the early days of this county, the old settlers were a much more social and liberal community than the population of the present day. The pioneer was kind-hearted and generous, ever ready to assist and help. The needy settler always found an open hand and a kind heart in his neighbor, and if there was sickness in the family, or a cabin to be built, there were plenty of willing hands to assist.

The pioneer settlers acted on the principle that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and they had their seasons of fun and enjoyment; especially was that the case in our long, dull winters. Sleighing parties, hunting parties, balls, and visiting one another, were frequent events; and the writer, while generally having as much business as he could attend to, will have to admit that he repeatedly neglected his business, in those days, and, filling his bob-sled full of clean straw, packed his wife and about a dozen other ladies in, like sardines, until the sled was filled, they sitting on the straw, and would then drive twenty or twenty-five miles, to spend the day with some pioneer friends, leaving early in the morning and returning at midnight — a jolly crowd.

Farmers living on the Wapsie and at the Groves used to visit the city every week or two, generally on Saturday, and spend the day in trading, and, many of them, in drinking. Some of the stores, for the sake of drawing trade, kept barrels of whiskey in their warehouses, each barrel with a tin cup under it, where any one could help himself, free. There was no beer in those days, or there would have been less drunkenness. Burrows & Prettyman never sold a drop of liquor during their business career, and some farmers would not trade with us for that reason, and we informed them we did not care for their patronage. We had all the business we wanted.

CHAPTER VII.

Struggles in the Mercantile Trade — The First Store, and How It was Stocked — Another Trip to Cincinnati — Rudimentary Banking in Davenport — Trade Begins to Pick Up.

My little store, in the meantime, was taking root, and, in October, it was necessary for me to return to Cincinnati, to lay in my winter stock. I had succeeded much better than either myself or friends expected, and I went to Cincinnati able to pay my friends who had kindly trusted me. I had no trouble in getting all the goods I wanted. My good cousin, John A. D. Burrows, has been dead many years, but I always looked upon him as my earliest benefactor. He was a noble, generous man — a man of means and large heart. His father was wealthy, and he himself was the head of the largest wholesale grocery in the city. He always seemed to take an interest in me.

After selecting what I wanted in his line, he said, "John, do you think you could manage a stock of dry goods?" I said I thought I could, so he took me in next door, to the establishment of A. W. Sprague & Co., the largest wholesale dry goods house in the city, a branch of the great manufacturing firm of A. W. Sprague & Co., of Rhode Island. He said:

"This is my cousin, J. M. D. Burrows, of Wisconsin Territory. He is just commencing business, and I want you to sell him a stock of dry goods. It is not likely that he can meet his notes promptly, but I will be responsible for all you sell him."

They said "All right!" and we made an appointment for the next morning, at ten o'clock. Turning to me, he said:

"I shall select the goods, myself. You remember I was in the dry goods business once, and, besides, I do not like to trust you to their tender mercies."

At the appointed hour we went in, and he selected a stock of dry goods for me, second to none in Davenport.

Another great help to me, at this time, was the assistance I received from James Glaspell, Sr., the progenitor of the Glaspell family. He was an excellent man; one of the salt of the earth—a man in whom there was no guile. He lived under the bluff, a half-mile below me. He called on me the day before I left home, and said: "Neighbor Burrows, I want you to do me a favor. You are going to Cincinnati. When I left Covington, Kentucky, I made an auction of my cattle, farming implements, etc. They were sold on a year's credit, and my agent writes to me that he has made some collections. Now, will you be so good as to cross over to Covington, and get what money he has on hand? I shall not need it for some time, and if it is any help to you, you can use it."

I collected about a thousand dollars, and used it in getting many articles I needed, outside the regular line. I returned with the largest and best selected stock of goods in Davenport.

When I reported to my neighbor, Glaspell, he seemed much pleased at the result, and said he probably would not need his money for a year, and when he did, he would give me a month's notice. He would not receive any interest, considering that I was doing him a favor, as he was afraid to keep so much money in the house. During the year, having a large family, he took a good deal of it out in goods from the store.

At this time, and for a number of years afterward, we had no bank. Some of our farmers had money that they were afraid to keep at their homes. Especially was this the case at the Groves, and on the Wapsie, and even in Clinton County. The farmers, consequently, brought their money in and deposited it with me, the same as if I were a banker. This, when I was just starting and my means were limited, was a great help to my business.

During the winter I did a good business. Having become acquainted in Clinton and Jackson Counties, I began to draw trade from there.

CHAPTER VIII.

SERVANT GIRLS ALMOST AS HARD TO GET IN THE FORTIES AS THEY ARE NOW — A SPECIMEN HUNT FOR HELP WHEN IT WAS NEEDED BADLY — HELP, WHEN FOUND, WAS BETTER THEN THAN NOW, THOUGH.

I will mention one little incident that occurred in 1840, showing the difficulties and hardships of those very early days. Female hired help was not to be obtained. I assisted my wife all I could — probably did as much house-work as she did. She was not strong, and was unaccustomed to such work. In July, my son, Elisha, was born. We had no help, but had been looking for a girl for months. Mrs. John Owens and Mrs. Ebenezer Cook, one living a mile above and the other a mile below our house, took turns in taking care of my wife and the child, one during the day-time, and the other at night; but they had to neglect their own families to do so. I knew this state of things could not last, and determined to find help at any cost. Having no clerk yet in my store, I was obliged to lock it up, and, with the key in my pocket, rode three days all over the county, in search of a girl.

The first day, I went up to Le Claire, canvassing Pleasant Valley thoroughly, but with no success. The next day I rode through the southern part of the county and Blue Grass, as far as there was any settlement, but all in vain. On this trip, I was told there was a family in Walnut Grove, where there were two grown daughters, who, it was understood, sometimes went to nurse sick neighbors. I determined to go there, and, on leaving home the third day, told the ladies that if I did not get back that night they need not be alarmed, as I would not return without help.

When I reached Walnut Grove, at about half-past eleven in the morning, I found the coziest and neatest farm-house I had yet seen in the Territory, and Mrs. Heller, with two full-grown, healthy looking daughters, all as neat as wax. The house was better furnished than any I had seen. The window-curtains and bed-spread were as white as the driven snow. The floors shone like silver. I introduced myself, and made known my business. I told Mrs. Heller my situation was desperate — that I had come for one of her daughters, and would not go away without one. She said she would leave the matter altogether with their father, who was at work in the field, half a mile away. She invited me to sit down and wait until he came in to dinner, which would be in about half an hour. But I said:

"My business is too important to admit of delay. I will go to the field."

I found Mr. Heller cradling wheat, and not a stranger, as I supposed, for when we met we recognized each other, having been on a jury together, a few months before. I told my story in as few words as possible.

He hung his cradle on the fence, and we went to the house, as it was about dinner-time. He said he would like to help me out of my trouble; that they were working hard to open a farm, and he was not able to do much for his daughters, and whatever they earned they had to clothe themselves with; but they never had gone away from home except to help sick neighbors sometimes. He knew from what he had seen of me that I would treat them well, and he would be glad to have one of them go with me to relieve me. When we arrived at the house he told his daughters what I wanted, and that it would please him if one of them would go with me. The youngest one spoke up and said, "I will go;" and I was happy. She returned with me, and lived in my family seven years, until she married. My wife and myself always looked upon her as a sister or a child. She married one of the most respectable men of the day, an owner of a good farm and a member of the State Legislature. They are both living in Davenport at the present time. That young woman is now nearly seventy years old.

CHAPTER IX.

BEGINNING OF THE PRODUCE TRADE IN DAVENPORT — BUYING WHEAT AND HOGS ON A VENTURE — SUCCESS DESPITE THE DISCOURAGING PREDICTIONS OF FRIENDS — I HIRE R. M. PRETTYMAN.

In the winter of 1840, I did as good a business as any one in the town. During the winter, our farmers were compelled to sell a little wheat and some pork, to obtain money to buy medicine, pay postage, etc.; so that year, Horace Bradley, of Pleasant Valley, still living, brought to Davenport the first load of wheat that was ever sold in the town for commercial purposes. A few others were compelled to sell some dressed hogs. I bought that wheat, and I bought those hogs; and this was the commencement of the produce trade of Davenport.

At that time, there were only some three or four stores in the little village. My brother merchants laughed at me. Some said I was a fool —"What is he going to do with the produce?" Well, to tell the truth, I hardly knew, myself; but one thing I did know, and one thing I felt, that this country had to be settled up, and to accomplish this, some one must buy the farmers' surplus, or it would remain a wilderness. So I made up my mind I would devote myself to this purpose, and I bought, that fall, all the surplus wheat and pork and other produce offered.

The wheat I hauled to the Rockingham mill, and had it manufactured into flour, which, with my pork, white beans, etc., I took to Prairie du Chien, and sold to the Fur Company and the Indians. The Fur Company was controlled by a Mr. Donsman, whom I found to be a gentleman, and for a number of years he purchased produce of me every trip. I also sold poultry to the officers at Fort Crawford. My wife having raised, one year, seventy-five more turkeys than we needed, I took them to the Fort, and sold them for a dollar apiece.

In the spring of 1841, D. C. Eldridge, who kept a hotel called the White Hall, on Main street, on the very ground now occupied by the *Democrat* newspaper building, introduced R. M. Prettyman to me as a very capable and worthy young man, seeking employment; that he had been with him some time, but did not like his occupation; he preferred a situation in a business house. I had never seen him before. I told Mr. Prettyman that I had not intended employing any one at that time; that my business would not justify such an expense. It was growing rapidly, and I would soon be compelled to have some help. He said he would like to come with me, and I need not pay him anything until my business would justify it. I told him I would think of the matter, and that he might call the next morning.

I was then living on my claim, a mile from the store, but always had my store open about daylight—

the first in town. I carried my dinner in a little tin pail, and did not get home until dark. I knew I needed him, but I was economizing, struggling to get a foothold, and did not want to hire any one to do what I could do myself; yet I wisely concluded to engage him. He commenced at once, and I soon saw I had taken a wise step.

That summer I visited the trading-posts above, a number of times. Fort Snelling, Prairie du Chien, and Snake Hollow, in the lead regions, were my principal points. At that time Snake Hollow was about the best point I found in which to sell produce. Besides selling to the traders, I traded bacon, flour, beans, etc., with the Indians for feathers and beeswax, which I sold in Cincinnati. I could now leave home on these expeditions, feeling all was right there, for a more honest, capable, and devoted man than R. M. Prettyman, no man ever had in his employ. If he had owned the concern, he could not have been more devoted to its interests. At the end of the first month, I told him to credit himself with forty dollars as his first month's wages, which at that time was liberal compensation.

The seed planted by the pioneers soon took root and began to spread. The produce business enlarged itself rapidly, and my great trouble was to know where to place the products. There was no Chicago then, not much of a market in St. Louis, and I had to make frequent trips to every landing north of Davenport as far as Fort Snelling. St.

Paul at that time contained only a wood-yard and one log cabin, where the Indians got their whiskey and tobacco.

CHAPTER X.

A Trip North in 1841 — Trading with the Fur Company — A Perilous Journey Home, with Pocketsful of Gold — Nearly Drowned in a Canoe — The Suspected Farmer, and the Power of Prayer — A Stranger in the Dark — Home at Last.

In the spring of 1841, I found my means all locked up in produce — corn, flour, pork, bacon, etc., — and that it would be necessary for me to realize on a good portion of my stock early, in order to replenish my store. The spring was late that year, and it was well along in April before I could get a boat. At last I found the steamer Smelter, Captain Scribe Harris. The Captain said he was going up as far as Prairie du Chien, and I concluded to go with him. On our way up, we went into Snake Hollow, where I made a profitable sale. On my arrival at Prairie du Chien, I found the Fur Company had received no spring supplies, and was in need of provisions. During the forenoon I sold them my entire stock, all at fair prices, and received my pay, cash down, in gold and silver.

Captain Harris, finding the Wisconsin River very high, decided to go up that stream, being offered a big lot of shot from a shot-tower up that river. He told me he might be gone a week. I was now in a quandary how to get home. There was no boat above, and none expected from below. On inquiry, I learned that at some Grove, about twelve miles from there, a stage would pass through at three o'clock next day. I made up my mind that I would take that stage.

After breakfast, I procured some strong brown paper, went to my room and wrapped each piece of money separately, and then made them into small rolls, and loaded each pocket with all it would hold, and tied the rest in a strong handkerchief. I went back to the Fur Company's office and got them to exchange the silver for gold as far as they could.

The great part of the Company funds paid out in those days was Spanish dollars. I was anxious to get my gold and silver home, as it was ten per cent premium, our paper currency being nothing but "wild-cat" issued at Green Bay.

At eleven o'clock A.M., I took a lunch and started, going three miles down the river, where I struck the Wisconsin ferry. The river was booming high, and seemed to run with the velocity of a locomotive. I could find no ferryman. I rang the bell, off and on, for half an hour. The ferryman's canoe was there, with a good pair of paddles, and I saw that I would either have to go back or paddle myself over, so I launched that canoe and shoved off.

I was never in a canoe before, and did not know how to handle it, but soon found that I had to sit very still, flat in the bottom, in the water, as it leaked. The canoe kept going round and round, and every few minutes would dip some water. Meanwhile the current was conveying me swiftly down to the Mississippi.

I thought I was lost. I would have given all my money to be safe on either shore, and why I was not drowned was always a mystery to me; but I suppose my time had not come.

I noticed that as the canoe whirled around, each time brought me nearer to the shore. I also began to manage the paddles to better advantage, and soon struck the willows, which I caught, and pulled the canoe as near the shore as I could; then jumped overboard, and got on dry land as soon as possible. After I had straightened up and let the water drain from my clothing, I set forward for the stage again. About a mile further on, I came to a small creek or stream. There was no bridge, and it could not be forded, as the banks were straight up and down. The water was fully four or five feet deep. After examining up and down the stream, I saw there was no way but to jump it. I chose the narrowest place I could find, pitched my bundle of money across, and then took a run and jumped! Just made it, and that was all.

As I struck the edge of the bank, one of my coat-pockets gave way, and fell, with its heavy contents, in four feet of water. I hunted up a forked stick, and, luckily, the lining having gone with the pocket, soon fished it out, and made for the stage-house, which I reached without further trouble, only to find that the stage had gone!

I then determined to make my way to Dubuque on foot, where I hoped to get a boat. About dark, I saw a cabin just ahead, where I decided to stay all night. I was puzzled what to do with my money, as I feared I would be robbed — perhaps murdered. My first thought was to hide it in a pile of brush I saw near, but I was afraid some one would see me, so resolved to share its fate.

On applying to the woman at the cabin for lodging, she referred me to her husband, who was at the barn. I interviewed him. He said I could stay. He was a rough-looking man, and I did not feel very safe.

After he had taken care of the stock, we went to the house together. Supper was nearly ready. I took a seat by the fire, with my bundle by my side. In a few minutes supper was announced, and I sat down at the table, carrying my bundle with me.

Just then, two as hard-looking men as I ever saw came in and sat down at the table, eyeing me sharply. I was becoming a little alarmed, when the proprietor asked a blessing on the meal, and no human being can realize what a relief came to my mind. All anxiety about my money or my life passed away.

Early next morning, at break of day, I was on the road again, determined to reach Dubuque some time that night. At noon it began to rain, but I persevered. At sun-down I reached Parsons' Ferry, fifteen miles above Dubuque. Being on the Wisconsin side, it was necessary to cross there, and again I was troubled to arouse the ferryman. After nearly an hour, he answered my signal, and set me over. By this time it was pitch dark, and raining hard, and I had fifteen miles yet to make. I took the middle of the road. The mud was very deep, and the darkness so great a man could not be seen six inches from you. While plodding along, with my bundle in one hand and a big club, which I used as a cane, in the other, I ran against a man. Neither of us saw the other. I never was a coward, but was never more startled in my life. My heart choked me so that I could not articulate plainly; but, with my club raised, I stammered out, "What do you want?"

I saw, from his mumbling and incoherent reply, that he was drunk, and I walked around him and pushed on my way.

At eleven o'clock at night I reached Dubuque, having walked seventy-five miles in thirty-six hours. I was not acquainted in Dubuque, and did not know where to find a hotel. After wandering about some time, I met a man whom I asked to direct me to the best tavern in the place. He did so, but as I did not know the names of the streets or the location, I could not find the house. I had become tired and bewildered, when I met another man. I said to him:

"My friend, I wish to find the best hotel in town. I am a stranger, and have been hunting your town over for some time, up one street and down another, until I have become confused. Will you be kind enough to go with me and show me?"

He cheerfully did so. It was a first-rate house; the best I had yet seen above St. Louis. I had a nice, clean room, all to myself, and the table was well provided for. I told the landlord he need not go to any trouble to cook anything for me; that although I had had nothing to eat since daylight, I would be satisfied with a cold lunch and a cup of hot coffee. On going to bed, I gave orders not to be called in the morning, unless there was a boat going down.

I did not waken until noon the next day, when my landlord knocked at the door and said there was a boat at the landing, going down. I was so sore and stiff I could scarcely dress myself, and could only get down stairs by sliding down the banister. I found the boat would not leave until three o'clock, so told my kind landlord I would take dinner with him, instead of eating on the boat.

We started toward night, and reached home the next forenoon. I was so lame and crippled for ten days that I had as much as I could do to attend to my business.

Such were the trials and labors of a pioneer merchant of those early days.

CHAPTER XI.

HARD TIMES AND OVER-PRODUCTION — BIDDING FOR THE GOVERNMENT CONTRACTS FOR FORTS SNELLING AND CRAWFORD — TIMELY AID FROM ANTOINE LE CLAIRE AND COLONEL DAVENPORT — THE ATCHISON BROTHERS AND THEIR METHODS.

The times were very hard then, and for some years after. Our land had just been brought into market by the Government, and all the money in the country went into the land office. Some of our best farmers paid fifty per cent for money to enter their lands, and were kept poor for years paying interest. Meanwhile they used all the money they could get hold of, to break, fence, and stock their farms, spending as little as they could with the merchant, and what trading they did was generally on a year's credit.

No one can realize the difficulties of doing a produce business in those days. We had no railroads. Everything had to be moved by water, and, of course, had to be held all winter. To keep up with the rapid growth of the country and provide for the surplus, required not only money and credit, but, what in those days was more important than either, *nerve.*

In the year 1841, I saw the amount of wheat and pork was going to be double as much as ever before, and I was very solicitous as to what I should do with it. I saw in the St. Louis *Republican* that the Government invited proposals for furnishing Fort Snelling and Fort Crawford with a year's supply of pork, flour, beans, soap, vinegar, candles, and numerous other articles. I considered the matter, and could think of no reason why Scott County could not furnish the pork, flour, beans, etc., as well as St. Louis, which had furnished them heretofore. So I decided to put in a bid, if I could find any one to go on my bonds, which were heavy. I interviewed Mr. Le Claire and Colonel Davenport, and told them what I was thinking of. If I could accomplish it, and get a contract and fill it from home production, it would be a grand thing for both the town and the county, and be the means of circulating a good deal of money, of which the people at that time were sadly in need. Those gentlemen, always ready and anxious to do anything that would settle up and advance the prosperity of the country, were much pleased with my suggestion, and said they would stand by me.

I put in bids for both Forts, referring, as to my responsibility, to Colonel Davenport and Antoine Le Claire. As I was going to Cincinnati, I wrote to them that if my bids were accepted to address me there, as I wished to purchase in that market such supplies as could not be procured at home. On my arrival, I found a communication from the Department at Washington, saying my bid for Fort Snelling had been accepted. On my return home, I found that John Atchison, who had been the successful contractor of both Forts for two or three years previous, had been in town three days awaiting my return. I got home about dark. My wife told me that Ebenezer Cook had left word that I had better avoid meeting Atchison until I had seen Cook; so after supper I walked down to Mr. Cook's house, about a mile on the Rockingham road. He informed me that Atchison was very anxious to buy me out. He did not care about furnishing the supplies so much as he did for the transportation. The Atchison Brothers owned the largest and most magnificent steamboat on the Upper Mississippi, called the "Amaranth." They had been very successful in controlling both the Government's and the Fur Company's freight, and my success was a great surprise to them. In the morning, Atchison made his appearance. I refused to sell, telling him my only object in taking the contract was to make an outlet for my winter accumulation. After talking the matter over all day, I sold out on these conditions: He to pay me a bonus of twenty-five hundred dollars, cash down; I to furnish the flour, pork, and beans, for which he was to pay me contract price, less the transportation, and pay me cash down on delivery to his boat, the next June, the time specified by the Government.

I now went to work hauling my wheat to Rockingham mill, and scouring the country for hogs. My cooperage — pork, flour, and bean barrels — I had all manufactured at home, giving employment to a number of coopers. This, with the money I had received from Atchison and scattered among the farmers for hogs, wheat, beans, etc., gave our little village and the county a decided boom.

CHAPTER XII.

ORDERS MADE AND COUNTERMANDED BY THE GOVERNMENT—THE DIFFICULTY OF FINDING HOGS FOR MARKET—ANOTHER DEAL WITH ATCHISON BROTHERS—DARK DAYS FOR THE FARMERS—SUCCESS IN THE END.

The Government, in making contracts, reserved the privilege of increasing or diminishing any article one-third, by giving sixty days notice. When I sold out to Atchison, in the fall, I wrote to the Department at Washington what I had done; that the Atchison Brothers had been contractors for a number of years previous, and that the contract was in good hands. The Department replied that it had nothing to do with the Atchisons; that was a matter between them and myself, the Government looking to me for the fulfillment of my contract

In January, I received notice from Washington that the pork would be increased one-third. I immediately notified the Atchisons, and asked them if they wished me to furnish it, and on the same terms as the other. They replied that they did. I then went to work to canvass the whole county. The hog crop was about over. I rummaged Clinton, Jackson, Cedar, and Linn Counties, in Iowa, and Rock Island County, Illinois; also buying any pork I could find in the hands of the packers in Rockingham, and of John Seaman in Davenport.

I succeeded in my efforts, and had the whole ready for delivery, when I received notice from the proper authorities that my pork contract was reduced one-third, to its original quantity. I received notice from the Atchisons, on the 1st of June, to be ready with my stuff, as the "Amaranth" would be along in a few days. She arrived according to appointment.

Ebenezer Cook, at that time, was my attorney and friend. He seemed much pleased with my success in this contract. He had drawn up all my papers, both my proposals to the Government, and all others. He was a long-headed, shrewd man, and cautious in all his transactions.

He said to me: "I have ascertained that the Atchisons are somewhat shaky. Don't you deliver until you are paid."

When the boat landed, I pointed out the freight, and asked to be excused for a few minutes, and hurrying back to the store, I gave Prettyman the items and prices; told him to make out a bill as soon as possible, which was quickly done; and I took the bill, together with the agreement they had made with me, specifying they were to pay on delivery, and hurried to the boat. The Atchisons were just preparing to load. I presented my bill. Atchison said: "Well, I did not expect to pay until we returned."

I told him that would not suit me. My spring payments were past due. I had depended upon his paying me, according to his agreement, and I could not get along without it. After waiting nearly half a day, he said he had some money on the boat that he had promised some one in Galena. He would give me that, as far as it went, and a draft on St. Louis for the balance. I said if the St. Louis house was satisfactory, I would accept his proposition. The paper was all right—drawn on a first-class steamboat house, and was promptly paid.

We loaded up that afternoon, and steamed up the river with the provisions for both Forts. I went up to Fort Snelling, and saw that my contract was filled to the letter. This operation, together with the little capital I had succeeded in accumulating before, set me on my feet, and I was now able to walk instead of crawl. Besides the twenty-five hundred dollars bonus, I got one-third more for my pork than I could have got in the open market, as there was a heavy decline in provisions in the spring of that year. During the summer, good, sound, sweet, smoked shoulders would not net more than one cent a pound, and our steamboats bought more or less for fuel, saying they were cheaper than wood. Those were hard times for both the farmer and the merchant: wheat selling from thirty to forty cents a bushel; dressed hogs, one dollar to one dollar and fifty cents per hundred pounds; nice dressed quails plenty at twenty-five cents a dozen; dressed prairie-chickens at five cents each; good fresh butter at five to eight cents a pound; eggs, from three to five cents a dozen; and many farmers paying fifty per cent for money which they had borrowed to enter their land. Those were dark days in Iowa, and there was no let up for a number of years.

Besides what I had made on my pork, I made a reasonable profit on the flour and beans, and I was happy. I always considered this as the best and most successful operation I ever undertook, and it benefited Scott County as much as it did me, as the money I obtained was scattered all over the county paying for produce. A little money at that time went a great way and accomplished much good.

CHAPTER XIII.

My Introduction to Daniel T. Newcomb—A Hurried Night Ride to Muscatine—Mr. Newcomb's Hospitality and Enterprise—Some Early Real Estate Transactions in Davenport—The Newcomb Memorial Chapel—Mrs. Newcomb.

In the spring of 1842, I had occasion to make a very sudden and unexpected visit to Muscatine. I left Davenport after dark with a horse and buggy, and it was necessary I should reach Muscatine by sunrise in the morning, to meet a certain steamboat. The night was fearfully dark, the road bad and full of stumps, and I made slow headway. About midnight, when half way, I ran over a stump and was upset. I then concluded I would have to stop at the first house until daylight. I had never been over the road before, but seeing a log cabin on the bank of the river, near by, I began pounding at the door. Presently I heard some one moving about up stairs. The window was shoved up, and a protruding head said:

"What do you want?"

I replied: "I want to stay all night."

He said: "Who are you?"

I answered: "J. M. D. Burrows, of Davenport."

He replied: "Oh, yes, I've heard of you."

There was some whispering up stairs, after which he said: "Wait a few minutes; I will let you in."

Soon Daniel T. Newcomb appeared. I had never seen nor heard of him before, but that night was the beginning of a friendship that lasted until death ended it. I noticed, on my entrance, that I was in the home of a person of means and refinement. The surroundings were more luxurious than any I had seen in this new country. At daylight I was under way, and reached Muscatine soon after sunrise, which answered my purpose. I called on my way back, and renewed the acquaintance of the day before. I found Mr. Newcomb a very intelligent man, largely engaged in farming. He was opening more land than any one I had yet found. He was very enthusiastic, and spared neither labor nor money in his operations. He was a man of means, even in those days. He was the first to introduce labor-saving machinery in these parts—threshers, reapers, headers, etc.; and as I soon was engaged extensively in wheat-raising, I received a good deal of help and instruction as to handling and operating these implements. Mr. Newcomb always seemed to have a warm feeling for me. He raised more grain than any one else in this section; his one farm at Durant producing, one year, thirty thousand bushels, and he had so much confidence in me that he would sell his grain to no one else. This, in those primitive times, was a great help to me.

In 1842, when he bought the four-acre tract on Brady street, Davenport, which Mrs. Newcomb continued to make her home after his death, he consulted me several times as to the wisdom of the purchase. A Mr. Perry had come here from Canada. His family was not satisfied, and wished to return to their old home. Mr. Perry owned eighty acres of land in East Davenport, since purchased by A. C. Fulton. Mr. Perry also owned the four-acre tract on Brady street, and had put up a house on the lot at a cost of one thousand dollars. The house is still standing, in the rear of the First Presbyterian Church. Mr. Perry offered to sell the house and the four acres for twelve hundred dollars, which was considered the cheapest property in town. But there was no money, Mr. Newcomb being about the only man who held any of the "filthy lucre." He was a very cautious man, always thinking twice before acting. He intended to move to Davenport soon, but seriously questioned the prudençe of investing so much money in four acres of land. I advised him to close the sale by all means, saying the property was cheap, and never would be worth less. He said he had not been fortunate in town-lot speculations. He had invested some in Camanche and Wapello, and some other places, which he regretted. He finally purchased the Brady-street property. I think he got a reduction of one hundred dollars, which gave him the house and four acres for eleven hundred dollars.

Some years before his death he put up the comfortable and commanding residence, ever since known as the Newcomb mansion. The view is enchanting. The noble Mississippi, the Island, Rock Island City, and a large part of Davenport, are spread out before you like a picture.

Mrs. Newcomb is a remarkable woman, of great business talent and judgment, and always has managed her large estate as well as any attorney could do for her. She is very liberal. She purchased several lots in Northwest Davenport, on which she erected the "Newcomb Memorial Chapel," in memory of her husband. This she gave to the Presbyterian Church for a mission Sunday-school. She also presented to the Academy of Sciences the lot now occupied by the society, besides contributing to many other charitable objects. Her private benefactions have been numerous, and are known only to the recipients. Although well advanced in years, she is the same noble, queenly woman she was when I first knew her, nearly fifty years ago.

CHAPTER XIV.

OPENING OF 1843 — AN UNPROFITABLE SPECULATION IN WHITE BEANS — LOW WATER IN THE FALL — TO ST. LOUIS IN A FLATBOAT — A ROUGH JOURNEY BACK — THE MORMON PROPHET'S ASSISTANCE.

In 1843, produce was so low, and freight so high, on account of low water, that produce netted me a loss. I have spoken repeatedly of white beans in this book. At that early day there was a great demand for them, mostly for the Indians and the trading-posts above. The land was new and clean, and the farmers used to sow them broad-cast, the same as wheat. That year there was an unusual crop, and the quality was very superior. I had more than I knew what to do with, so thought I would try the New Orleans market. I put up one hundred barrels of the choicest white beans I ever saw. They were perfect — all of one size — and looked as if they had been cast in a mould. New Orleans was a good market for beans, they being needed for the negroes, and I made great calculations on my speculation, expecting to make a small fortune. The beans only cost me forty cents a bushel, and the barrels thirty-five cents each. Well, I lost money on them; they did not sell for enough to cover cost and transportation. Such returns were not encouraging, either to the farmer or to the merchant.

In the fall of 1843, as I said before, the low prices and the high freight, caused by low water, almost put a stop to navigation, and I was subjected to constant loss in making my fall shipments, so I resorted to an experiment. I procured a first-class, A No. 1 keel-boat with a large cargo-box upon it. I never saw a better or a safer one. It was as good as a steamboat. I put in a heavy load, as much as the state of the river would permit, and hired a steamboat to tow her to St. Louis, I assuming all expense of lightening at the Lower Rapids. When I had sold out and discharged my cargo in St. Louis, I loaded her with my winter stock of goods, putting in an unusual stock of salt, which article was very scarce and high, that fall, in all our river towns, on account of the low water.

The season was now getting pretty well advanced, and I was anxious to return, but could not get a boat to tow me for nearly a week. I at last secured one, the captain of which said he would tow me to Keokuk for certain, and to Davenport if he could get there, as he had freight to deliver between the rapids. Before we reached Keokuk, the weather turned cold, and ice began to form. It took me two days to lighten up my barge. I finally got safely to Montrose, and loaded up again. In the meantime, the steamboat had been floundering on the rapids, not able to get over. She at last gave it up, and I, after waiting another day, finding it growing colder, with no prospect of a boat from any quarter, hired a team, and, loading it up with goods, started for Davenport, leaving a crew of three good men whom I had brought with me. I instructed them to live in the boat and take good care of things until I could go home and send teams. The road was rough, but well frozen.

On reaching the Iowa River, it was very dark, and the ice not being considered very safe, I thought it imprudent to cross that night, as I knew the ice would be much stronger in the morning. There was a good farm-house at the crossing, and I ordered the teamster to put up for the night, and in the morning start for Davenport, but that I was going to Muscatine that night. I hired a horse and saddle of the man who was to keep the teamster, and promised to send it back when he returned. Just after I got safely over the river it began to rain heavily, and I do not think I ever experienced a colder rain. There were three or four inches of snow on the ground, and my horse's feet balled badly.

After I had made about five miles, the horse stumbled and fell, pitching me over his head. He got on his feet before I did, and would not let me catch him. After trying for some time, I had to give it up as a bad job, so abandoned him and shoved on afoot. A few miles further on, I descended the bluff and struck Muscatine Island. There was a nice-looking house at the foot of the bluff, where I applied for shelter. The people informed me they could not keep me, but if I went half a mile farther, I would find good accommodations. About midnight I found the house, being almost perished with wet and cold and fatigue. I had no trouble to get accommodations, and the man of the house, renewing the fire, made me as comfortable as he could. Hanging my clothes by the fire to dry, I went to bed. Next morning, though it was still raining, I hired my host to hitch up his team and take me to Muscatine.

The first man I met there was a Davenporter, my friend William Van Tuyl.

I said: "Where on earth did you come from, Van?"

He said: "I came from Davenport this morning." It was then noon.

"When are you going back?" I asked.

He said: "It is such a bad day I shall not go until to-morrow."

I replied: "I must be in Davenport to-night, and I guess you'll have to take me."

He answered, laughingly: "As long as I can secure such good company, I guess I will."

After a good dinner we started, and by bed-time we were safe at home. It was Saturday night. I told Van Tuyl that I wanted twenty teams Monday morning to go to the Lower Rapids. He said to count him in for one — he would be on hand. During Monday, the team I had left at the Iowa River arrived. The teamster said when they got up in the morning, the first thing they saw was the horse I had hired. He was all right.

Monday morning, as soon as we could gather the teams, Mr. Prettyman, with his pockets full of money to pay expenses, and an escort of twenty-two wagons, at an expense of two dollars and fifty cents each and expenses paid, started for Montrose for the goods. The rain still continuing, the roads constantly became worse, until they were almost bottomless, and in many places on the bottoms the teams had to double to pull the empty wagons through. After a tedious time they arrived in Montrose. The men said it was useless to load up until the weather turned cool enough to freeze the ground, and as that was uncertain, Mr. Prettyman crossed over to Nauvoo, and asked the Mormon prophet, Joe Smith, what he would charge to tow the barge up with his steamboat, the "Nauvoo." Smith said that as his boat was frozen up in a slough, it would be expensive getting her out, but finally agreed to tow the barge up for five hundred dollars. Prettyman told him to get his boat out as soon as possible, and sent the teams home, empty. The good steamer "Nauvoo," with the barge, landed at our wharf about noon, the day before Christmas; the teams did not get back until two or three days later. The great expense we had been put to did not leave us much profit on our winter's business.

CHAPTER XV.

FORMATION OF THE FIRM OF "BURROWS & PRETTYMAN"—MORE LOW WATER IN THE MISSISSIPPI—ANOTHER TRIP BY FLATBOAT TO ST. LOUIS—DISASTROUS JOURNEY TO NEW ORLEANS WITH A CARGO OF POTATOES.

In the spring of 1844, a Mr. Samuel Fisher, living in Davenport and keeping a store in Rock Island, offered Mr. Prettyman a half interest in his store if he would take charge of it. Mr. Prettyman informed me of the proposition. He said he did not wish to leave me, but thought he ought to do the best he could for himself. I said:

"Yes, a man ought to do what he thinks is best for his own interest. You have been clerking for me three years. We have never had any disagreement. I should hate to part with you; in fact, don't think I could get along without you."

I added that I wished to think the matter over for a few days, and would then decide. I knew I could never get a man in whom I could have such confidence as I had in Prettyman. No one could be more faithful and honest. My business was increasing rapidly, and I required not only competent help, but plenty of it.

In a few days I told Mr. Prettyman that if he preferred to stay with me as my partner instead of going with Fisher, I had concluded he could do so; and that I had to go to Cincinnati and New Orleans to close out my winter accumulations of produce and lay in a spring supply for the store, which would take until the first of July. He accepted my proposition and became my partner; the firm of "Burrows & Prettyman" commencing July 1, 1844.

The low water, high freight, and extreme low prices ruling for produce that spring compelled me to again look around for some way to get my stuff to market without a sacrifice. I built the largest and best flat-boat that was ever at our landing, before or since. I loaded her with pork, bacon, lard, beans, oats, corn, and brooms. I also bought another good, strong boat, not so large, which I found at Le Claire, and loaded it entirely with potatoes, which were scarce and high that year. I loaded her with twenty-five hundred bushels, at fifty cents a bushel, New Orleans quotations being at that time two dollars a bushel. I sent my boats forward, with the intention of following and overtaking them before they reached St. Louis.

By inquiring of steamboats, I kept track of them, and when I thought they were near their destination, I started and overhauled them at about the mouth of the Illinois River. The captain of the boat I was on put me on board, and I went with them to the city. I did not offer my cargo for sale there, as it was intended for the New Orleans market. A party was anxious to buy my boat-load of potatoes, offering me fifty cents a bushel, and one hundred dollars for the boat, which was exactly what they had cost me at home; consequently, I did not sell. The New Orleans market quotations were still two dollars a bushel. My pilot said it would cost no more to take the two boats than one, as we could lash them together.

When I got ready to start, I found I could not get any insurance, as they were not in the habit of insuring flat-boats on the Upper Mississippi in those days. On the Ohio, a large business was done with flat-boats, and no trouble to get insurance; but St. Louis companies had not advanced that far. I did not dare to send them forward without insurance, as my capital was all there. After two days solicitation, through the influence of my friend, James E. Woodruff, who was one of the directors and a very influential man, the company agreed to take the risk if I would go with the boats and take charge of them in person. This changed all my arrangements. I had intended to see the boats safely off, and then return home, where I expected to remain a month before starting for New Orleans. Mr. Prettyman and my family expected me back in a week, and I wrote to them that I should be gone two months. We found the trip very tedious—had to lay up at night, and were often wind-bound two or three days at a time. When we reached Memphis, I thought I would try to sell my potatoes. I found there was no demand, the market being overstocked. Potatoes had been selling at two dollars a bushel, but the high price had induced such heavy shipments that the market was glutted, and the best offer I got was twenty-five cents a bushel; so I pulled out.

The next place was Vicksburg. The market there was no better, nor was it at Natchez. After six weeks, we arrived safely at New Orleans, to find a dull market — potatoes, no sale. The place was full of potatoes, in willow hampers, from France. After a good deal of effort, I traded my whole cargo of potatoes to the captain of a Bermuda vessel, at *eight cents* a bushel, delivered on board, which was just nothing at all, as it cost me all of that to sprout, barrel, and deliver them; and I had to take coffee in payment.

I soon sold out my other cargo, but at very low prices, and after buying a stock of goods at Cincinnati and St. Louis, for the new firm of Burrows & Prettyman, I put my face homeward.

CHAPTER XVI.

More Business Reverses in 1845—The Rockingham Mill Fiasco—The Specious Boom in Wheat for England—The Boom Collapses—Heavy Losses by Burrows & Prettyman—Our Transactions with Henning & Woodruff—Better Times Set In.

In 1845, Rockingham having exploded, and all her merchants withdrawn, and her mill standing idle, I was induced to lease the mill for two years, and also to put a stock of goods there, which we placed in charge of William Van Tuyl. The first year we operated the Rockingham mill was, I think, the most disastrous I ever experienced. It was thought, in the fall of 1845, and during the winter, that there was going to be a large foreign demand for breadstuffs, on account of a great deficiency in the English crops, and there was a great speculation in breadstuffs in this country. At this time we were doing business with the heaviest produce house in the United States, composed of Henning & Woodruff, of St. Louis, John O. Woodruff & Co., of New Orleans, and James E. Woodruff & Co., of New York City,—it being all one house, and you could ship to either branch you preferred. It was a concern of unlimited means, and the senior partner, James E. Woodruff, was the best business friend I ever had, and he was also the best business man I ever knew.

When I first became acquainted with him, in 1842, they had not established their New York house, and he was the manager of the St. Louis establishment, where I made his acquaintance. He was a large operator. He thought there would be a large advance in the prices of breadstuffs before spring, to supply the deficiency in the English market, and wrote me repeatedly, urging me to buy every barrel of flour we could find, and all the wheat and other provisions, and that we were at liberty to draw on him for one hundred thousand dollars for that purpose. If we were afraid to buy on our own account, he said to buy for him. He urged us so strongly and persistently, that we followed his advice, buying on our own account. I visited every point, myself, as far as Dubuque, and bought every barrel of flour, and all the grain I could find, in New Albany, Savannah, Galena, and Dubuque, besides a large amount of provisions. We also sent an agent on the ice above Dubuque, to visit every point and buy all the flour and grain he could find in store. Consequently, at the opening of navigation we controlled the larger part of the produce in store above Davenport.

Then came trouble and disaster. The United States declared war against Mexico that spring, and everything collapsed. Prices tumbled more than one-half. The only way we could get to the seaboard was by the river to New Orleans, and by sea to New York, and the excitement then raging about privateers on the ocean almost suspended shipping. Insurance on the ocean advanced to ten per cent.

Soon after the opening of navigation, I began to move my winter accumulation, as I could see no prospect of any change for the better. I thought best to face the music at once. Our flour, in store on the river, had been bought at from four dollars to four dollars and fifty cents per barrel, and the wheat at an average of sixty cents a bushel. On arriving at St. Louis, the nominal price of flour was two dollars to two dollars and twenty-five cents a barrel, but no buyers; wheat, forty cents a bushel, for which there was a small local demand. Selling what wheat we could, we sent our flour and surplus wheat to New York, where it fared worse. Most of the flour became sour on the trip, and did not net us over one dollar per barrel, and wheat twenty-five cents a bushel. When all closed out, Burrows & Prettyman found themselves nearly bankrupt. I do not think we could have paid over twenty-five cents on the dollar, if we had been forced to close up.

The first year of our Rockingham mill operation did not leave us much courage for the next year's business; but as we had leased the mill for two years, we were compelled to run it. Our wheat crop for that year was good, but prices were ruinously low —wheat selling as low as twenty-five to thirty cents a bushel, and no money in it at that. When the fall trade commenced, and our farmers wanted to thresh, I found Mr. Prettyman badly demoralized. He thought we were ruined; said we had better let produce alone and stick to the store. This was the only time in our whole partnership that we differed in our business views. I did not blame him. I was as much disheartened as he was, but I knew our only salvation was in fighting our way through. After a few days of indecision, I said to Mr. Prettyman:

"The season is advancing, and our delay will ruin us. I do not want to force you to do what your judgment does not approve, but I have made up my mind. I am going to commence buying produce as usual, and will start up the mill. You are our book-keeper. Charge all produce to my private account, with all expense of labor, etc. I will take the risk. Any other course would be suicidal."

That ended the matter, and he said:

"If you think it safe, and we can go on, it is all right."

We immediately sent word throughout the country that we would pay the highest prices for produce, half cash and half to be applied on debts or in payment for goods. Everything was low. We paid thirty cents a bushel for wheat, half cash and half goods and for debts, or where the party was compelled to have all money, we paid twenty-five cents a bushel, which, at the time, was more than it would net to ship to any other market.

We told our farmers we were hard up; that our means were all locked up in what they owed us, and urged them to pay up as promptly as possible. About this time I received a long letter from Woodruff, reviewing the situation. He had just arrived home from New York. He wrote me he was glad we were going to persevere, and believed we would soon retrieve all our losses. He thought the coming season would be successful; said that most of the dealers were broken up, and those who remained would buy at safe prices. He stated that E. K. Collins, a wealthy brother-in-law of his, a rich Quaker of New York City, the owner of that splendid line of ocean steamers, the Collins Line, running from New York to Liverpool, had promised him he would carry him through this crisis, and he added: "I am going to carry Billings, of Beardstown, on the Illinois River, Walker, of Burlington, and your firm through."

Well, everything went forward as usual. When we went to renew our fall stock of merchandise, Woodruff generously advanced us what we lacked to meet our fall payments; and, what was more, told me to be prudent, and as money was going to be very close that winter, and hard to get, not to use any more than I could help, but to buy anything I could see a profit on, and he would furnish the means. He also recommended that if we could manage to store what produce we had at home, not to ship any more until spring, as everything was so low that our fall freights left no margin. This advice made money for us, as everything in the spring was three times as high as in the fall.

CHAPTER XVII.

RETRIEVING THE ILL-LUCK OF 1845—A BIG SPECULATION IN WHEAT THAT PAID ENORMOUS PROFITS—THE ROCKINGHAM CORN DEAL—CORN A GLUT IN THE MARKET—SELLING OUT CHEAP.

During the winter, people began to get over their scare of the previous season, and a good foreign demand springing up, prices, toward spring, began to advance. Before the advance fairly began, Woodruff, foreseeing what was going to happen, urged me to send out an agent at once and buy everything I could above us, and I did so, employing the same man that I had the year before, Edward Davidson, a first-rate business man. He bought largely. People, remembering the disaster of the year before, were willing sellers. About this time hogs had begun to be so plenty, and we were packing so extensively, that my winters were occupied mostly overseeing that branch of industry; so I was obliged to employ an agent to make those trips abroad.

One bitter cold, stormy day, about the first of February, there was nothing doing; no farmers in town, and I was tired of sitting around the stove. I put on my overcoat, and said to Mr. Prettyman, "I will go out and try to buy what wheat there is in town."

I first called on Charles Lesslie, at the corner of Front and Brady streets. He had a small warehouse full of very choice wheat, mostly raised by the Brownlies, at Long Grove, who, at that time, were considered the best farmers in the county. After considerable talk, I bought him out. I agreed to pay him sixty cents a bushel, and to take the wheat away any time I pleased between then and the 1st of May, and pay for it when removed. There were about twenty-five hundred bushels. Soon afterward, in April, I sold the lot to a St. Louis speculator for one dollar and twenty-five cents a bushel. All the expense I had was to sack the wheat and deliver it to the boat, the buyer to furnish the sacks.

I then called on William Inslee and bought what he had, paying the same price, and he had about the same amount. Whisler then occupied the lot at the corner of Front and Main streets, and had a large warehouse, which, as he was a large dealer, was pretty well filled. I also bought him out, paying the same price.

This closed out all the wheat in town. I went back to the store well satisfied with my forenoon's work. As I afterwards sold it for double what I paid for it, we made about five thousand dollars in the operation.

We found, at the opening of navigation, that we had on hand a larger supply of breadstuffs than any other person on the river. The profits on flour made in the fall and held over, and that made from thirty-cent wheat, bought in the early part of the winter, was simply enormous — flour costing us two dollars a barrel, selling for seven dollars. As we could well afford to sell, in the spring we put our stuff on the market as rapidly as possible, and by July 1 had paid every dollar we owed, and had money to our credit in the hands of Henning & Woodruff, with which, as we did not need it, we proposed to put up a flouring mill in Davenport. The town thus far had neither a flour mill nor a saw-mill. We intended to give her both, which I will refer to hereafter.

The first year we operated the Rockingham mill, 1845, there being a large surplus of corn, to accommodate our customers living in the southern part of the county, we purchased a large quantity, to be delivered at Rockingham, paying ten cents a bushel. We filled every empty dwelling-house in the place — and there were a good many, the inhabitants having left the town in her adversity. Burrows & Prettyman, while they opposed Rockingham in her prosperity, stood by her in her last days, and were the last to operate her mill, and sold the last goods in her territory.

The price of corn, in the spring, would not permit our transporting it to any market, the cost of the gunny-bags and freight being more than the corn would bring. There was one house we were compelled to vacate on the first of June, as the owner wanted to remove it to Davenport. As we could not ship it, we sold it to a farmer, George Hawley, of

Pleasant Valley (one thousand bushels, at eight cents a bushel), and took an old horse in payment, at eighty dollars. Hawley hauled the corn to his farm for feed, it being cheaper than he could raise it.

Such were the dangers and difficulties of the produce business the first eight years in Iowa.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ADVENT OF THE GERMANS IN DAVENPORT — A STURDY AND INDUSTRIOUS RACE — OUTBREAK OF THE CHOLERA — MANY FATAL CASES — TO ST. LOUIS OVERLAND — HARD TRAVELING ON THE HOME TRIP — SOME FACETIOUS YOUNG MEN, AND WHO LAUGHED LAST — SEASONS OF HARD WORK.

About this time there was a prospect of brighter days. Our German fellow-citizens began to come to Davenport in large numbers, and many of them possessed a good deal of money, which the country sadly needed. They entered large tracts of land, which they immediately improved.

This year the cholera prevailed in Davenport, and many of the German immigrants had ship-fever among them. They came by the way of New Orleans; every steamboat landing at our wharf left some. There was much excitement on account of the cholera. Many of our best citizens were dying. A man would be well at bed-time, and dead before morning. Many immigrants could not get shelter, and Burrows & Prettyman threw open their pork-house and warehouse for use until the immigrants could put up shanties on the prairie. Many men, now wealthy farmers, occupied our buildings until they could do better; among these I remember M. J. Rohlfs, since then Treasurer of Scott County for ten years; also N. J. Rusch, afterward State Senator, and Lieutenant-Governor of Iowa. I always have had a warm feeling for the Germans for their help in settling up Scott County, when help was so much needed. It is astonishing to see what they have accomplished. You can find scarcely a German farmer who is not wealthy. The banks of Davenport contain about six millions of deposits (which, I believe, is as much as all the rest of the State claims to have), and half of the money is owned by Germans.

In the fall of 1845, after navigation was closed on the river, I found it would be necessary for me to go to St. Louis. Prettyman said our sales had been large, and we would be out of many leading articles before spring, and if I could manage to get them here, he wished I would buy some. I told him to make up a list of dry goods such as he needed, about a good wagon-load, and I would bring them up.

I went over to Beardstown, on the Illinois River, by stage, and down the Illinois and Mississippi Rivers by steamboat, to St. Louis. In St. Louis, after my business was transacted, I purchased Mr. Prettyman's bill of goods, and shipped them by the river to Keokuk, as the boat was to go no farther. We did not get there on account of ice, but the boat landed us four miles below, at a small town called Warsaw, on the Illinois shore.

When we left St. Louis it was dark, and I did not see any one I knew on the boat. The first thing I did in the morning, after breakfast, was to take a walk on the guards to get fresh air. I soon heard familiar voices on the deck below, and on going down, saw seven young men from Pleasant Valley, customers of ours, among whom I can only remember George Hawley and two of the Fenno boys. They had been down to St. Louis with two flat-boats loaded with onions, and were then in a dilemma as to how they were to get home. They wanted to know what I was going to do. I told them I should hire a team to haul my goods, and would ride on the wagon. When the boat landed us, I found and hired a team. The boys wanted me to let them put on their baggage. The teamster said it would overload us; but they were so anxious, and being good customers of ours, I told the teamster if he would carry their baggage I would walk with the men.

We reached Carthage, the county-seat, at noon, and stopped and got dinner, by which time a heavy storm of rain and sleet set in. The men wanted to lay over until the next day, but I insisted upon pushing on; so we all put out during the afternoon and traveled until dark, when we put up at a farm-house. I overheard the boys, in the afternoon, saying I could not stand it long — that they would soon have "my hide on the fence." I thought to myself, "We will see."

We started out next morning in a snow-storm, calculating to make Monmouth that night. When we got within five or six miles of that place the men began to give out, saying they could travel no farther. George Hawley and myself were the only ones to get through, which we did about nine o'clock that night. I hired the landlord to send out a two-horse wagon and pick up the other men and bring them in. He found them scattered along the road for miles, completely exhausted. I said nothing, but wondered whose hides ornamented the fence.

The next day we arrived home safely, having walked the whole distance in a heavy storm, all travel-worn, sore, and weary. It was about as hard a trip as the one I made from Prairie du Chien to Dubuque, some years before.

I had been packing considerable pork for a few years, and I sold it mostly to the Fur Company and to parties filling Indian contracts. The wheat I handled, from 1840 to 1845, that I did not get made into flour, I bought on commission for a large mill in Cincinnati — C. S. Bradbury & Co's.

Our business had now (1847) become well established, large amounts of produce coming in from the counties of Cedar, Linn, Jones, Clinton, and Jackson.

Our store was well patronized, and we hardly ever closed it until midnight. In the forenoons, the farmers in our county, from the Groves and points within a circuit of ten or fifteen miles, would come in with their grain, etc., and by the time they had unloaded and done their trading, another section would begin to arrive from Clinton and Cedar Counties and the territory still farther distant — a big day's travel — and would not all get in until near bedtime. They wanted to unload and do their trading, so as to start home early next morning, that they might reach home the same day. This made our business very laborious.

CHAPTER XIX.

Arrival of A. C. Fulton and a Remarkable Stock of Goods — Mr. Fulton's Attempts to Revolutionize Local Commerce — A Great Boom in Onions, and Why It Failed to Boom — Other Schemes Like Those of Colonel Mulberry Sellers — The Glorious Conquest of Santa Anna.

In July, 1842, A. C. Fulton made his appearance in Davenport. He possessed great activity and energy, and was a good citizen in his way; but many of his early ventures did not indicate an aptness for mercantile life. He brought with him a bankrupt stock of dry goods, etc., purchased in New Orleans. They were as heterogeneous a lot of articles as ever were landed in the town. He told me at the time that they were bankrupt goods, and that when he purchased them, instead of having them invoiced, as customary, he had taken them in a "lump," at "so much for what is on this side of the house, and so much for that side," and so on. A great deal of the stuff was unsalable. It was said that in the stock were two barrels of fish-hooks — enough to supply the Davenport trade for one hundred years. After Mr. Fulton had sold what goods he could, not wishing or not being able to renew his trade, Burrows & Prettyman bought him out, paying about two thousand dollars, and mixed the goods in their stock.

Mr. Fulton had arrived in Davenport in the latter part of July. After opening his goods in a small room at Second and Rock Island streets, he immediately announced to the suffering inhabitants that goods were twenty-five to thirty per cent too high, and produce twenty-five to thirty per cent too low. Of course, that was good news to the inhabitants, and brought Mr. Fulton into notice with a jump. He at once pitched into the onion crop, then growing. He said he would contract for the onions at fifty cents a bushel. We had not been in the habit of contracting for onions at any price, but generally bought at the market value, which then ruled at twenty to twenty-five cents a bushel.

Mr. Fulton's attempt to boom the onion market caused dissatisfaction. Our customers wanted to know why we could not pay more than half as much for onions as Mr. Fulton did. We told them we were willing to allow them all we could get for the onions, but were not disposed to follow such a reckless leader. We advised them to contract their onions at fifty cents, which most of them did; but the trouble was, they had to have money to meet their engagements to our firm and to other merchants, and they could get only goods from Mr. Fulton.

Mr. Stephen Henley, of Pleasant Valley, one of our best customers and a very estimable man, had a large crop of onions. Mr. Fulton offered him fifty cents; we offered twenty-five. Henley had to have the money for his crop. He felt sore about our paying but half what Mr. Fulton offered him, and we agreed to ship the onions for him on his own account, if he preferred, and to furnish the bags, and charge him nothing for our trouble, beyond the price of the bags and the amount paid for labor, etc. Henley brought in the onions, and we shipped them. The result was that they made a loss for him, not selling for enough to pay for sacks, freight, and charges.

When the onion crop came in, Mr. Fulton, not having any warehouse, had the onions unloaded in the yard, and upon open lots, and the little village was soon fragrant with decaying onions.

As every family kept one cow or more, a great cry arose about the flavor of the milk, and Mr. Fulton became very unpopular with the housewives during the onion season.

But how those onions rolled in! It seems that Mr. Fulton had kept no account of his contracts, and people imposed upon him, bringing more than he ever bought — not only their own crops, but those of their neighbors and friends. Mr. Fulton's investment in onions was practically a total loss. He loaded a flat-boat with some of the best of the luscious fruit, in October, but the boat froze in before it reached Burlington (our river closing that year on the 17th of November), and the boat lay there until the latter part of April, by which time the onions were worthless.

Mr. Fulton did not arrive in Davenport until late in July, yet he managed not only to monopolize the onion crop of that year, at heavy losses to himself and the natives, but also, with the help of two other ingenious and imaginative gentlemen, to dam the Wapsipinicon that winter, and build a mill and warehouse — at least, verbally, and with all the enthusiasm of Colonel Mulberry Sellers in gridironing Central Asia with imaginary railroad systems.

Buchanan County, where this great feat of imagination was accomplished, had only about fifty inhabitants. Yet Mr. Fulton, that year, furnished them a mammoth mill and warehouse, or rather the glowing plans for them. He did not do this for Davenport until five years later.

Mr. Fulton not only revolutionized the prices of produce and merchandise in Davenport, dammed the

Wapsipinicon, and built the mill and warehouse, but he also conceived the practicability of leading the waters of the Mississippi River, at the Upper Rapids, by canal along the Iowa shore, and creating a water-power for mills and factories. For the fulfillment of this grand work of genius and engineering, civil engineers were engaged at great expense, and a survey of the proposed gigantic artificial waterway was made. Besides this, Mr. Fulton purchased Smith's Island, and numerous strips of land one hundred feet wide, bordering on the river, for his canal. After all these elaborate and costly preliminaries, his money gave out, and the project was found to be an undertaking just a little too heavy for one man. All further work on the canal was abandoned, and the property was sold at a sacrifice.

I must, although it is not within my fifty years experience, refer to a little matter that amused me when I read it. I would not mention it, were the story not so much like Mr. Fulton's first year's operations here. In the "Biographical Dictionary," written or dictated by himself, he says:

> During 1835, Santa Anna, Dictator of Mexico, issued a proclamation, requiring all Americans to leave Texas. He increased his army, and marched forth to enforce his demand. Mr. Fulton, though quite a young man at the time, called upon the friends of oppressed Texas, through the press, to join him, and march to the rescue. The immediate result was that a volunteer corps of over three hundred young men was formed, which was the main force at the victorious battle of the Mission, and the storming and capture of the fortified town of Baxar, which caused the withdrawal of all Mexican troops from the State;

and Mr. Fulton's undertaking was crowned with success; which act eventually gave us Texas and California, and changed the destiny of this Union.

Mr. Fulton's achievements in Davenport in 1842, and the greater feat of conquering Santa Anna, I have never seen or heard equaled, unless it be in the history of the astonishing exploits of Don Quixote.

CHAPTER XX.

Mr. Fulton's Peculiar Manner of Dealing in Mill Property—A Rivalry with Some Bitterness—Failure of the Opposition Mill—Mr. Fulton's Serious Illness—A Sick-Bed Reconciliation.

In 1847, Burrows & Prettyman, having been very successful that year at milling in Rockingham, concluded to build a flouring-mill and a saw-mill in Davenport. Our idea was to put the engine-house in the middle, the flour-mill on one side and the saw-mill on the other; and to run the saw-mill in the day-time and the grist-mill at night, as we feared there was not wheat enough raised here to run a flour-mill steadily.

Mr. Fulton was putting up a large brick building at the foot of Perry street, on the bank of the river, near our store, which he said was for a mill. In the spring it was nearly finished and ready for the machinery, which was the most expensive part of the undertaking, and required ready money, and, for a first-class mill, plenty of it. Mr. Fulton had heard of a flour-mill in Pittsburg which was going to be dismantled, the machinery of which was for sale. He went to Pittsburg, intending to buy the machinery, but not having the money, and being unable to offer such security as was satisfactory, he returned without the machinery, and his mill scheme thus proved as big a failure as his canal had proved, a few years before.

A few days after he returned, Mr. Fulton called on me, and said he understood we were going to build a mill. We told him we thought of it.

Mr. Fulton said: "You had better buy my building. I cannot finish it, and there is not wheat enough raised for two mills."

Mr. Prettyman and myself thought the matter over, and we decided to drop the saw-mill part of our project, and turn our attention to putting up a first-class steam flouring-mill. His building was on the very ground we wanted, and, with a few alterations, would answer our purpose; so we decided to buy the building, if we could agree on the price. He asked four thousand dollars. We finally settled on three thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars.

We employed William H. Gayl to put in the machinery. Mr. Gayl was considered the best millwright in the West, having fitted out some of the finest mills in the country, and we set him to work as soon as we could obtain his services.

Just at this point Mr. Fulton took a step which was productive of some unpleasantness. In his "History of Scott County," he has this to say in extenuation of his conduct:

"The citizens and farmers expressed great sorrow that he [Mr. Fulton] had sold the mill, and called on him by a committee to express their feelings."

He replied: "Get the owner of the adjacent ground to sell to me at a fair value, and I will erect another mill and operate it."

"When shall we say to the owner that you will begin work?" Mr. Fulton says the committee asked him.

He was in such haste to start this new scheme, directly in violation of his agreements with Burrows & Prettyman, that he replied: "I will begin to-morrow morning."

He could make that Napoleonic answer at that particular time, because he had in his pocket three thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars of Burrows & Prettyman's money, with which to buy machinery. It was easy enough to put up a frame building in the way of trade and barter, but it took money to buy machinery, and he had our money to do it with. He secured the ground adjoining our mill, and put up a hastily constructed pine building, immediately alongside, which increased our rate of insurance almost double, putting us to the extra expense of some three or four hundred dollars a year, for several years.

This naturally did not tend to strengthen our business friendship, and I vowed to myself that Mr. Fulton's mill never should make him any money.

Both mills were started the next winter, Mr. Fulton's about three days before ours. We did not start up until our mill was finished and ready for business, and had no stoppage for alterations, while our neighbor was more or less troubled for several days. The mills were finished, and run strong opposition. "War to the knife, and the knife to the hilt," was our motto.

Burrows & Prettyman had the best mill, at that day, in the State of Iowa, turning out more flour, and better, than any other. We also had the best miller in the State, Hiram Johnson. He superintended our milling for thirteen years. Our brand, "Albion Mills," soon became well known, and brought, in the open market, fifty cents a barrel more than any spring wheat flour made above St. Louis. We built our mill to be run night and day, and as we could not get a supply of wheat at home, we established agencies up the river, at Princeton, Camanche, New Albany, Lyons, and other points. We had boat-load after boat-load taken in for us in a large barn in a corn-field where Clinton now stands — no Clinton then. We chartered a small steamboat, called the Oneota, put on her a crew of our own, and kept her busy boating wheat to our mill.

To obviate the difficulty in getting wheat at harvest time, when it was always scarce for a few weeks before the farmers began to thresh, I, myself, began to raise wheat, and grew from one thousand to eighteen hundred acres, year after year. Meanwhile I kept the price of wheat in Davenport high enough to keep Mr. Fulton from making any money, knowning that when I barely paid expenses, he was running at a loss.

Mr. Fulton soon ran his career at milling. He involved himself so that there were some thirty-odd suits pending in the District Court against him at one time. In the "Biographical Dictionary," speaking of these two mills, he says, after remarking that he sold the first building to Burrows & Prettyman, who completed it "*and put it in successful operation*," that "his mill, as a financial operation, proved a failure, as almost every shipment resulted in a loss."

When Mr. Fulton could operate his mill no longer, he succeeded in leasing it to George L. Davenport, William Inslee, and Louis Macklot, who ran it one or two years, suffering a great loss, which they were abundantly able to stand, as it was a strong firm. We always were on good terms with every one of the firm, our opposition being only fair business competition, and a determination on my part that that mill never should make anything — and it never did.

During the latter part of Davenport, Inslee & Macklot's lease, Mr. Fulton was taken dangerously sick with typhoid fever. For some time he was not expected to live. People would say to me: "They say Fulton is going to die."

One day, one of the family came to the store, and left word that Mr. Fulton would like to see me. I went. I shall never forget that interview. Mr. Fulton lived in a cozy brick house, at Second and Perry streets, on the ground now occupied by Nicholas Kuhnen's tobacco factory. He was in bed, in a room on the first floor. When I entered, he put out his hand, and I took it. We had not shaken hands or spoken to each other for three years.

Mr. Fulton asked me to be seated. I inquired as to the state of his health. He said: "I've been getting better for a few days. Last week I thought I would be in the bone-yard before this."

I never had heard the expression "bone-yard," and it struck me as singular. He continued:

"Since I have been sick and lying here, I have been thinking over our difficulties, and I am satisfied that I have been to blame in the matter. You had good reason to believe, when you bought me out, that I would not build another mill. But I injured myself more than I did you; it ruined me."

I at once replied: "If you feel that way, Mr. Fulton, say no more; it is wiped out."

Since then, we always have been friends. Our paths have not crossed each other.

CHAPTER XXI.

BURROWS & PRETTYMAN BUY THE ÆTNA MILL — MR. FULTON'S SUCCESSFUL REAL ESTATE OPERATIONS — A COMMERCIAL SENSATION — WRECK OF THE ÆTNA MILL — THE PURCHASE OF OFFERMANN'S ISLAND, AND ITS SUBSEQUENT SALE — SOME REVERSES.

Soon after Mr. Fulton got well, he went into the real estate business, which he understood, and understands, and which has made him one of the solid men of Davenport.

The Mr. Perry whose name is mentioned in a foregoing chapter as interested in the four-acre lot which D. T. Newcomb bought, died before he sold the eighty acres in East Davenport. Mr. Fulton got on the track, somehow — found his heirs, I believe, in Canada — and bought the tract at a very low price, and attached it as an addition to our city. It has been pretty well built over, and has made his fortune.

As soon as Mr. Fulton was able to attend to business, he called on me, wishing to sell his mill to us. I told him he must think me deranged to consider such a proposition. "What do we want of two mills?" said I. "Our own mill never has made any money for us yet."

Said Mr. Fulton: "You can make money by buying my mill and letting it lie idle." He added:

"How much wheat do you grind in a year? Do you grind a hundred thousand bushels a year?"

Said I: "Yes, and more."

He said: "Do you not pay five cents a bushel more than you would if it were not for that mill?"

I said: "Yes, we pay full five cents more than it is worth."

"Then," said he, "you would save five thousand dollars a year, if you bought my mill and let it lie idle."

"Even if we wanted to buy," I answered, "we could not spare the money. We have not made anything the past two years, and our means are all locked up."

Mr. Fulton said he believed he could sell the mill to us without a dollar down, and that he would rather sell it to me than to any other man living. He thought he could use our notes, made payable at such times as we could save it from the price of wheat.

About two weeks later, Mr. Fulton told me he had heard from his creditors, and that they would take our notes. Meanwhile we had thought the matter over, and concluded it would be cheaper to buy the mill, and let it lie idle, than to fight it. Consequently, we purchased the property, paying ten thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars, in notes of twenty-five hundred dollars each, payable every six months, until all should be paid.

This was the third large transaction I had with

Mr. Fulton. I first bought his stock of goods; then the mill building for our first mill; and, finally, his other mill. In each transaction, I had acted rather from compulsion than from business preference; and all three transactions proved obstacles in my career.

When we purchased his last mill, the "Ætna," the gentlemen operating it still had two months to run before their lease expired; but the sale of the mill was known to the seller and buyers only, until after the lease run out. They gave up the mill at night, and we took possession the next morning, raised steam, and set her to work, with our flag flying. There was a sensation in the town when it became known that Burrows & Prettyman had gobbled up both mills. It created a small commercial cyclone, and some opposition spirits tried to start a project for a third mill, saying that Burrows & Prettyman were monopolizing all the business, and would give no one else a chance. Well, the cyclone soon expended itself, as wind flurries generally do.

We tried running the mill for some time, but found we could make more money by letting it lie idle. We used it for a warehouse for several years.

One year, we had an unusual stock of pork and grain. We put up, that season, nineteen thousand hogs, and were very much pinched for storage room. We used, that winter, the lower story of the Ætna mill for packing pork, and the two and a half stories above were filled to the roof with corn, oats, barley, rye, and mill-stuffs.

Early in March we had a three days blizzard. On the last day (a Sunday), the building collapsed. The flooring on every story looked as if it had been sawed off, it was broken so clean and even at the sides. We found out, in clearing away the debris, that the pillars in the cellar, sustaining the building, which were made of brick, had crumbled, thus letting the floors down. Our grain was somewhat mixed, and caused us considerable expense and labor in properly separating and taking care of it.

As the building was now fit for neither a mill nor a warehouse, we traded the inside, or machinery, to Adrian H. Davenport, of Le Claire, for Credit Island, now called Offermann's Island. He took the machinery to Le Claire, and used it to put in a mill which was eventually burned. We cut two thousand cords of wood from the island, when, finding it a good deal of trouble to take care of, as our timber was constantly being stolen, we sold the island to Josiah Jenny, for three thousand dollars. He sold it to old Mr. Gilruth, the Methodist preacher; he sold it to Mr. Offermann, who sold it to some company in Chicago, and it is now used, in summer, as picnic and pleasure grounds.

CHAPTER XXII.

HISTORY OF THE BANKING BUSINESS IN DAVENPORT — COOK & SARGENT'S EARLY OPERATIONS — CURRENCY VERY SCARCE AND UNSAFE — THE LOSS OF A TRUNK FILLED WITH BULLION, AND ITS RECOVERY — HARD TIMES IN A STAGE-COACH — LOST IN AN OLD-FASHIONED BLIZZARD.

I still had to go frequently to St. Louis, after our river closed. In those days, three times as many steamboats were run on the Illinois River as now, and they ran, generally, three weeks later in the fall, and began running two weeks earlier in the spring, than on the Upper Mississippi. I often went by stage to Beardstown, and by way of the Illinois River to St. Louis.

Cook & Sargent began a banking business in 1847. Our currency was very unsafe, and gold and silver and eastern bank bills were at a large premium over our western circulation. There was a large private banking house in Philadelphia — Clark & Brothers — with a branch in New York (Clark, Dodge & Co.), and one in St. Louis (Clark & Brothers). They supplied a large share of the circulation in this section. The Philadelphia house would draw on the St. Louis house, say, for one dollar or five dollars. They (Clark & Brothers) would accept the draft, which, of course, would be payable at their St. Louis house. Merchants considered it safer than our western banks, as the credit of the house of Clark & Brothers was A No. 1, but could not be used for eastern exchange without a large discount, being, as I have explained, payable in St. Louis.

I was about to make a trip to St. Louis, when Ebenezer Cook called on me, and asked me if I would take a package of gold (twenty-six hundred dollars) down for them, and bring ten thousand dollars currency back. I told him I would. This was before we had express companies, as we have now. We used then to carry trunks instead of grip-sacks.

Cook & Sargent sent their package of gold over to the store, and I put it in my trunk. I started from Rock Island in the stage; traveled all that day and night for Beardstown. My trunk was tied on behind. A rope ran through the handles, and the ends were tied at each side to a standard. There was nothing to hold the trunk there except the rope. The roads were very rough, and I felt uneasy for the safety of my valuable baggage.

The stage was a regular old "mud-stage," and had no covered boot, to protect the trunk from getting wet or being stolen. I did not fear so much for its being lost, as that it might be stolen. The stage carried the mail, and had to stop at every town and get the mail changed. I got out whenever we stopped, and looked to see if my trunk was all right.

Some time before daylight, when within ten miles of Beardstown, I got out at the post-office, as usual, when, to my consternation, I discovered that my trunk was gone.

I ran to the driver, and told him some one had stolen my trunk. We examined, and found that it had not been stolen, but that the handles, from the constant pitching and plunging over the bad roads and "chuck-holes," had pulled out. I told the driver I should go back as far as the last post-office.

There was only one livery-stable in the place. I routed out the owner, and asked him to hitch up a team at once, declaring that it was important for me to go over the road before daylight, and that it would take a smart team to do it. He owned only four or five old, broken-down horses; but I saw a very good-looking span of horses and a light rig in the stable, and I said to him: "Why not take these?" He said they were not his. I told him if he would let me have them, I would give him five dollars, whether we had to go one mile or the whole seven.

It took the liveryman a good while to get ready, but, after starting, we made double-quick time.

When we had driven about five miles, I saw something black in the road, half a mile ahead. I said to the driver: "There it is;" and when we reached the black object, which proved to be the trunk, the sun was just rising. There was a farm-house not ten rods away, and the people were just getting up.

We returned over the road about as quickly as we had come, and got a good breakfast, after which I hired the liveryman to take me to Beardstown, where I took a steamer for St. Louis.

On my return from St. Louis, after leaving Beardstown in the stage, a big snow-storm of the regulation blizzard style set in, and we were stalled. It was storming terribly when we stopped at a farm-house, at three o'clock P. M., for dinner. After dinner, about four o'clock, we again started out. The roads were all snowed under, and the wind blew a gale. As there were no fences to show where the road lay, our driver lost his bearings and began to drive at random. We could not find any house.

About midnight we got mired in a slough. There were some five or six of us in the stage. We got out and helped the driver, but with all our efforts we could not extricate ourselves. After an hour's exertion we gave it up, and, all but exhausted, crawled back into the stage to keep from freezing, while the driver started off to seek assistance. An hour later, he returned with a farmer and a span of horses. They pulled us through, and at two o'clock in the morning we arrived at the farm-house, which was a mile from where we had been stuck, and only three miles from the place where we had taken dinner the day before. We had been driving around, almost in a circle, for ten hours, and made but three miles!

The next morning, as the storm continued, the driver did not think it safe to start out, so we stayed until after dinner, when our host, with his team, helped us to the next post-office station, where we stopped all night. The next day we reached home, after a three days' trip, when we should have made the journey in a trifle more than one day.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CHANGE IN THE FIRM OF BURROWS & PRETTYMAN—YOUNG EDWARD DAVIDSON'S SERVICE—TRADING UP AND DOWN THE RIVER—SUCCESS OF THE NEW BUSINESS SCHEME.

Previous to this time, Burrows & Prettyman had employed for five or six years, every winter, a young man, Edward Davidson, whom we kept on the ice with a horse and sleigh, between Dubuque and St. Paul, running back and forth to purchase grain. Prettyman and myself hardly ever went home from the store before midnight, being engaged in writing up the books and straightening up the goods. When Davidson was in town he often stayed at the store until we closed up. One night I overheard Mr. Prettyman and he talking about his buying Prettyman's interest in the firm. I thought at first it was only talk—that neither of them was speaking seriously; but there was so much of this talk, from time to time, that, one evening, when Mr. Prettyman and I were in the store alone, I said to him:

"How is it about you and Davidson? Are you really in earnest in what you say about selling out?"

He said he was. I told him that was something I had to be consulted about; I could not allow him to choose a partner for me. I told him Mr. Davidson was a very estimable young man, but I did not want him for a partner. I inquired of Mr. Prettyman what the trouble was. He said there was no trouble, except that he did not like the produce business. There was too much hard work, and too much risk; that we had made nothing for two years, and had worked like slaves. He said our store had grown to large proportions, and he believed if we let produce alone and devoted our entire attention to the store, we would do better than to do so much other business. I told him that, even if we were disposed to do so, we could not. We had the mill, pork-house, and warehouse on our hands, could not sell them, and must use them. I said:

"The matter is easily arranged. You like selling goods; I do not. You take the store; I will take the mill, pork-house, etc."

This did not suit him. He wanted to sell out his interest in the produce operations only, but desired me to keep a half interest in the store.

Well, after a good deal of thought and deliberation, we arranged our business on the following basis: I retained a half interest in the store, and bought the mill, warehouse, pork-house, and cooper-shop, giving Burrows & Prettyman my note for thirty thousand dollars, payable in five years, at ten per cent interest, with a verbal understanding that I could pay it before if I could make the money; but at the end of the time specified, I would pay it, if I had to sell property to do it. I also told Mr. Prettyman that my own individual business would occupy my time, and anything I did for the store would be as a volunteer. Although I expected to be able to do as much as I had been doing, I thought I ought to do something more, to offset his services. The book-keeper drew the highest wages of any one we employed. I told Mr. Prettyman he could hire any book-keeper he desired, and charge his wages to my private account. Our bank account was to be kept in the name of Burrows & Prettyman, they paying for all grain, labor, etc., and charging the same to my account; and, in return, all the debts of Burrows & Prettyman, as they fell due, were to be paid by J. M. D. Burrows and credited to his account.

On the first day of each month, the book-keeper made out a balance-sheet, and Mr. Prettyman gave Burrows & Prettyman's note for whatever balance they owed.

CHAPTER XXIV.

EDWARD DAVIDSON'S BUSINESS VENTURE — TRIPS ALONG THE RIVER — HIS DEATH IN TRYING TO CROSS ON MOVING ICE — OPERATIONS OF BURROWS & PRETTYMAN — SOME SUCCESSFUL INVESTMENTS — SALE OF THE PORK-HOUSE.

Edward Davidson, to whom I have before referred, operated for me on the river a number of years more, until our own crops were so abundant that they produced all I wanted, and I did not need to send abroad; so I abandoned my old winter operations above Dubuque. This disappointed the young man. He had been expecting to operate for me, as usual. He said he believed he would try it on his own account, if I would give him letters, which I did. I wrote to Henning & Woodruff, and others in St. Louis, and to grain points above, recommending Davidson as a man of superior business habits and honesty. It was pretty late before he got off.

On his return trip, he arrived at McGregor's Landing, on the Iowa shore, late one afternoon. He inquired how the crossing was, and was informed that it was not considered very safe. He said he wished to go over to Prairie du Chien, but would like to have supper before starting; he would leave his horse and cutter until morning, and go over on foot. After supper, just about dusk, he started over. Next day he did not return, which made the landlord anxious, especially as the river, during the night, had become more unsafe than the day before.

That night the ice moved, and next day it started down stream. It was not until then that there was any crossing. As soon as possible, the landlord went over.

Mr. Davidson had never reached shore. His body was found in some drift-wood in a slough, seven or eight miles below, about two months afterward. They notified Burrows & Prettyman, at once, of his disappearance and supposed death. His only brother was in California. His only other relatives were his mother and a sister, who lived in Davenport. We at once informed them, and they said to spare no expense to find the body, and we wrote up, offering a reward, and also hired a man to search for him.

As there was no one to attend to Davidson's purchases, I assumed all liabilities, refunding to Henning & Woodruff what had been advanced, and received the produce on my own account, and paid all charges against it.

The first winter after Mr. Prettyman and myself made a dissolution in the produce business, was a very profitable one in pork-packing. I made a large profit on pork, and also had an Indian contract for flour, which made me considerable.

In just six months after I gave Burrows & Prettyman the note for thirty thousand dollars, I had made the money to pay it, and, according to agreement, took it up. I also made for John C. Forey fifteen hundred dollars, on two thousand dollars he had left with me for packing on his account.

Mr. Forey, long since dead, was well known to some of our citizens now living. He was a man of education and refinement, and some means. He took a fancy to Davenport, and expressed a desire to go into business in the town, which I encouraged, and advised him to try the pork business, telling him I had more business than I wished, and if he would go into that business, I would withdraw, and do everything I could to assist him. It was understood, in the spring, that he would come out in the summer or early fall, in time to make arrangements for the season's packing.

With this understanding, having a good offer for my pork-house and lot, as much as I thought them worth, I sold them. I also found a buyer for my lard-kettles, press, tools, etc., and thought I was done packing pork.

CHAPTER XXV.

Once More in the Pork-Packing Line — The Greatest Packing Season on Record — Every Warehouse and Cellar Filled with Frozen Hogs — Difficulty in Obtaining Ready Money — Financial Troubles Successfully Surmounted — A Profitable Season's Business.

In the years 1853–54, business was very much depressed, especially among bankers, on account of the "wild-cat" nature of our western circulation. It was almost impossible for the banks to furnish eastern exchange. Our currency consisted of the State Bank of Illinois and the free banks of Indiana, and was from ten to twenty per cent discount.

When navigation closed, and winter operations were resumed, funds were necessary to take care of the hog crop, and to receive the winter accumulation of grain, and not many operators had the money or credit to carry on the usual winter operations. I saw, with regret, that Mr. Forey was not going to be able to fill his engagement. I wrote to him repeatedly, informing him of the necessity of his laying in his salt, putting up some kind of building, and providing the necessary tools for the work. He at last wrote to me that it would be impossible for him to do anything that season. He was settling up a large estate in Louisiana, which he had had in charge for two years, and had hoped to close up that summer, but found he could not. I told our farmers I should not pack that season, and they had better hunt some other market. Soon word was received from Muscatine that there was to be no packing done there. As it was necessary that the hog crop should be taken care of, and as there seemed to be no other person to do the business, I was compelled to pack.

I fixed up the lower floor of my Ætna mill for a pork-house, and the boiler-room for a rendering-house. This was the fall previous to the mill breaking down. I succeeded in finding some lard-kettles and pork tools in Muscatine and Rock Island City. I bought most of my salt, of which I needed a large quantity, from the packers in Muscatine, as they had no use for it there, and, about two weeks later than usual, I began to receive hogs. As I had the Muscatine hogs, as well as our own, I packed, that winter, nineteen thousand, which was twice as many as I ever packed before. Muscatine generally packed more than we did.

The hogs were brought in dressed and frozen, and could not be cut more than half as fast as at present. We received them four times as fast as we could cut them, and soon had every warehouse and cellar in town filled with frozen hogs. We worked two sets of hands, night and day.

Our receipts of wheat were also very heavy, and we kept Cook & Sargent's bank about empty. Money was so very tight, everywhere, that winter, that

Woodruff insisted upon Cook & Sargent taking half I drew in ninety-day bills. There was no better paper than James E. Woodruff's acceptances in the New York market, and as all banks at the West were in want of eastern exchange, it was no trouble to sell our drafts, if we could find any bank that had the money. We sent three times to Nathan Corwith & Co.'s bank, in Galena, getting ten thousand dollars each time; also to Mr. Mobley, banker, in Dubuque, for all he could spare. We were using from five to ten thousand dollars a day during the pork season.

When at the height of the season, the receipts were so heavy that I tried to keep the hogs from coming to Davenport. A large part of them came from Cedar and Linn Counties. The road branched near Red Oak Grove, one branch going to Muscatine and the other to Davenport. Muscatine was the nearer town. I hired a man to stay at the forks of the road and try to turn the farmers to Muscatine or Burlington. I had been using money, for some time, twice as fast as Cook & Sargent could use ninety-day drafts. They told me I could check on, without regard to my account, and when they wanted a draft, they would come and get it. My account was soon over-checked one hundred and twenty thousand dollars, where it stayed for some time.

One day, after banking hours, Ebenezer Cook came over to the pork-house and said:

"Burrows, you have nearly broken us to-day. We are cleaned out. You will have to hold up. We could not pay your checks another day to save our lives."

I told him I could *not* stop. There was a good deal of stuff still to come in.

He said: "You can buy it, and give your notes, payable in the spring. You are the only man on the river who has been paying cash this winter."

I told him I would think the matter over during the night. In the morning, I filled out a check on Cook & Sargent's bank, "payable the 1st of next April, acceptance waived," and told Cook & Sargent I should use them in payments that day. The next day I should use the same form, only changing the time of payment to the 2d day of April, and so on, day after day, making each one day later, so as to make each day's payment correspond with each day's purchase. The plan worked well. There was no trouble. I told the farmers there was in our store the best stock of goods in town. They could have anything they wanted, at as cheap rates as the goods could be bought in the States. Any one preferring gold, payable in June, instead of currency in April, could have it. Many preferred waiting until June for gold, and I brought sixty thousand dollars from St. Louis, on the 1st of June, and deposited it in Cook & Sargent's bank, to pay those gold checks, some of which were not presented for payment until the following winter.

All our winter operations turned out well, and that winter's business was the heaviest I ever transacted.

The store sold a large amount of goods. About the 1st of March, Mr. Prettyman found that he had on hand some six thousand dollars of the paper of the free banks of Indiana, which was quoted at only about eighty cents on the dollar. He sorted it over, putting each bank's paper by itself, and, grip-sack in hand, went from bank to bank, all over Indiana, and presented it for redemption, taking in payment exchange on Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis, or other good current funds. By this means it netted him about ninety-five per cent.

CHAPTER XXVI.

WESTERN FLOUR POPULAR FAR FROM HOME — FROM THE SHORES OF THE MISSISSIPPI TO THE BANKS OF THE HUDSON — HOW THEY LIKED DAVENPORT'S FLOUR IN THE EAST — ONE BRAND AT A PREMIUM — COST OF SHIPPING.

My pork had been bought very low, and the falling off in the amount of packing through the West, that season, caused a material advance in pork products the ensuing spring.

Our "Albion Mills" brand of flour had become so well established, and in such demand, that it was a pleasure to manufacture it. I could not half supply the demand.

About the middle of June, wishing to make some repairs on the mill before harvest, which would require about a month, I concluded, while this was being done, that, as I had plenty of money, I would spend the time at my old home in New Jersey, where I was born and bred, and have a good time.

My wife and myself took a boat to Steubenville, Ohio, where my daughter was attending school, at the female seminary; and, taking her with us, we went to Albany, New York, by rail, where we arrived in the morning. My daughter wanted me to go to New York by boat, so that she could see the scenery on the Hudson River. I consented to do so.

As the boat was not to start until afternoon, I took a walk over Albany. Passing along Water street, where the heavy business seemed to be done, I cast my eye into a large warehouse or store, and saw the lower floor half filled with flour branded "Albion Mills, Davenport, Iowa." On walking in, I saw two gentlemen standing near the door. I passed them, and stood looking at the flour. One of the gentlemen walked up to me and said:

"Do you wish to buy some flour?"

I said: "No, sir. I came in out of curiosity. I live in the town where that flour is manufactured. I am surprised to see it here, and have a curiosity to know how it came to be here."

He replied: "I bought this lot of five hundred barrels in New York City." He added: "Do you know the man who makes this flour?"

I answered: "Yes; very well. I am the man."

He said: "You are the very man I want to see. I want you to supply me with that flour. It is the best I ever handled. I never sold it to a baker, that he did not want more. It is the strongest flour I ever saw. One-half the men dealing in flour don't know anything about it; but I was a baker before I went into the flour trade, and know from experience what is wanted."

He said he had written to Chicago a number of times, trying to buy some more of the flour, but could find none in that market. He wanted to get it direct, as buying in New York cost him ten cents a barrel to get it back to Albany, which town it had just passed through.

He said: "Some of the Moline flour, made by D. B. Sears, is as good as yours; but it is not of uniform grade. Your flour runs even, and we never have any complaint."

I told him I had an arrangement with my commission house, Woodruff & Co., of New York, that no "Albion" flour should be offered for sale East, except through them, and that was the reason he could not find it in Chicago; but he could get Woodruff & Co., of New York, to stop it in transit at Albany, and so save the freight back. I mentioned the circumstance to Woodruff the next day. He said he would write to the house in Albany, and arrange to have whatever flour they wanted stopped there. Woodruff said the arrangement we had made with them worked well. Our flour was all engaged before it reached them. They never went out of their office to sell it; any one wanting it had to come to them.

"And," he said, "it is fifty cents a barrel more to you if the buyer seeks us than it would be if we sought him. It is a pleasure to handle your flour, and Fagin's, of St. Louis. Fagin's brand is in the same demand as yours."

CHAPTER XXVII.

MORE ABOUT THE BANKING BUSINESS IN DAVENPORT — TROUBLE OVER "WILD-CAT" CURRENCY — COOK & SARGENT'S "FLORENCE" NOTES — BURROWS & PRETTYMAN TRY THEIR LUCK — ALL GOES WELL.

After passing a few weeks among the scenes of my childhood, I returned West to my business. As I have said, business was very much depressed by the state of our currency. People had lost confidence in the State banks of Illinois and the free banks of Indiana. Small change had about disappeared, and, instead, many persons gave their own individual tickets, printed on pasteboard or fine paper, as the case might be, payable when presented in amounts equal to one dollar.

For some time, Cook & Sargent, besides circulating Clark & Brother's acceptances, had been paying out their own issue of "The Bank of Florence, Nebraska." Nebraska at that time was almost a wilderness. The money was redeemable at Florence.

Cook & Sargent had depended on me to pay out their circulation, which I had been doing for some time.

I found this state of things likely to continue indefinitely, and, believing that Burrows & Prettyman's credit was as good as Cook & Sargent's, especially among the farmers, we thought if that kind of circulation was profitable, we might as well circulate our own paper as that of others.

Mr. Prettyman and myself talked the matter over, and decided that we would enter into the business, and issue one hundred thousand dollars. We sent to Rawdon, Wright, Hatch & Edson, New York City, the firm which printed all bank bills at that time, and ordered what we wanted. They informed us, in reply, that they were not in the habit of engraving and printing such matter, except for banks, and requested us to send them references as to the standing of our house.

We referred them to James E. Woodruff & Co., of New York. They then filled our order. They threw in ten thousand dollars, sending us one hundred and ten thousand, for which they charged us eight hundred dollars, the price agreed upon for one hundred thousand. They were beautifully engraved, printed on the nicest kind of bank-note paper, and looked as well as any bank bills in circulation.

I called on Cook & Sargent, and told them what we proposed to do, and asked them what they thought about it. Ebenezer Cook rather threw cold water on the project at first, but Sargent and John P. Cook seemed to be in favor of it. I told them we should do it anyhow, and I hoped, when they thought the matter over, that we could arrange with them to make our checks bankable. We would still continue to pay out Florence, giving the farmers whichever they preferred, and we also would let Cook & Sargent have all our eastern exchange, as we made it, from day to day, and which they, at that time, could not have run their bank six months without. In return, they agreed to protect Burrows & Prettyman's circulation, treating it the same as they did their own.

In a short time we began to pay out our checks. They went just as well as Florence. Cook & Sargent took them the same as Florence. The railroad took them, also the steamboats, and we had no trouble to circulate them. We calculated the profit on the circulation at ten thousand dollars a year, which was for the benefit of the firm of Burrows & Prettyman, instead of J. M. D. Burrows.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MY FIRST AND ONLY EXPERIENCE AS A STEAMBOAT CAPTAIN—A LATE TRIP DOWN RIVER WITH THE STAUNCH LITTLE "MARY C."—WE MAKE A SAFE RUN AND LOTS OF MONEY OUT OF IT—INCIDENTS GOING AND COMING.

In the summer and fall of 1856 or 1857, we were handling large amounts of St. Louis freight, and made an arrangement with Captain John Coleman to run his boat, the Mary C., which was a good low-water craft, of light draught and fair tonnage, from Davenport to St. Louis for us, on condition that we give him all the freight he could carry during the season.

We kept the Mary C. running all the fall. When navigation was about to close, we informed Captain Coleman, as he was leaving on the trip before the last, that it would not be safe to make more than another trip. We had a large amount of freight in Camanche, and it was understood that when the boat returned from this trip she was to go up with one barge and get it, and leave another barge at Davenport, which we were to load while the steamer was gone.

When the Mary C. returned from St. Louis, the weather had turned much colder, and Captain Coleman wanted to run down to Rockingham slough and lay up. He had been detained at the Lower Rapids three or four days, and it was very uncertain whether another trip could be made. All the other boats had withdrawn for the season. With great reluctance, Captain Coleman at last started off for Camanche. During his absence we loaded the other barge and had it all ready to pull out, so as to cause only a few hours delay when the steamer arrived, on her way to St. Louis.

On her down trip from Camanche, the Mary C. was detained two days at Le Claire, on account of high winds, and when she arrived at Davenport it was snowing and freezing, and Captain Coleman was discouraged. He said it would be impossible to make the trip. After a great deal of talk and expostulation, he said:

"I'm sick, and unable to go. If you see fit to take the boat yourself, and go with her, you can do so."

I asked him what he would charge me for the use of his boat.

He said: "Nothing at all. All I require is that you shall return her this fall, if possible, in as good order as she is now; but if you are frozen up, she is to be taken care of at your expense, and delivered at Davenport in the spring."

I told Captain Coleman I would not take his boat without giving him some compensation. I should not attempt to go below Montrose, and would pay him two hundred and fifty dollars for the trip. I made immediate arrangements to get off. The engineer informed me that the long copper steam-pipe was unsafe, and would have to be taken off and repaired. This took twenty-four hours precious time.

At last we got off, "Captain" J. M. D. Burrows on deck, Edward Davidson and William Dalzell in the office, and Peter Hall in the pilot-house.

Mr. Hall was then considered as good a pilot as there was on the river. He is the same "Pete" Hall who has been living in a skiff for a number of years, hunting all through the South for ancient relics for the Academy of Sciences of Davenport, and has come to be known as "The Old Man of the Skiff."

We made no landing for anything but wood. It was very cold, and ice was forming rapidly. We did not want any freight, but sped on our way as fast as possible.

Just below New Boston, one of our barges struck a snag and sank. We examined it and found it would have to be abandoned. We went ashore, and entered protest to protect our insurance, and, leaving two men in charge of the barge, we pushed on to Montrose.

On our arrival, I found there were two or three boats at Keokuk, waiting for freight for St. Louis. They had been unable to get over the rapids, and, having sent their freight in lighters to Montrose, were ready to return to St. Louis. I sent the first clerk down to attend to reshipping, and secured lighters immediately to lighten over. As soon as we could discharge our cargo, we ran back to the sunken barge, unloaded her, and returned to Montrose with the load.

The freight from the St. Louis boats had been on the levee at Montrose about a week, well covered with tarpaulins, and the officers did not know what to do with it. As we were going to return empty, they urged us to take it off their hands. It had been shipped at one dollar a hundred pounds from St. Louis to any point between Montrose and Davenport. We offered to receive all the goods we could carry, and deliver them to the owners living between the rapids, at a dollar a hundred pounds, and a dollar and a quarter a hundred to any point above the Upper Rapids and below Dubuque, these latter goods to be delivered in the spring. After a good deal of dickering, they agreed to our terms, which left them nothing for bringing the goods from St. Louis to Montrose.

While we were loading up, I had the carpenter build an ice-crib at the bow of the Mary C., and kept the pilot watching the amount of water she drew as the loading progressed, telling him to take every pound he thought she could carry safely, and no more. Besides our freight, we got nearly one hundred emigrant passengers, at ten dollars each, to points between the rapids. We had a tedious trip, having to contend with a river filled with ice, but we succeeded in fighting our way through.

When we arrived at Davenport, as our trip had been so successful, I told the clerk to pay Captain Coleman five hundred dollars, instead of two hundred and fifty dollars, as promised, and to make out a balance-sheet, which he did, and paid over to me three thousand five hundred and fifty dollars, net profit from the up trip. Besides this, my own freight on the down trip, which had gone on to St. Louis, amounted to fully a thousand dollars more, making the profit on the week's steamboating four thousand five hundred and fifty dollars.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE BEGINNING OF FINANCIAL COMPLICATIONS THAT LED TO A SERIOUS CRISIS — COOK & SARGENT'S EFFORTS TO SAVE THEMSELVES FROM DISASTER — CALLING IN THEIR FLORENCE CURRENCY — HOW THEY WERE ACCOMMODATED BY BURROWS & PRETTYMAN AND OTHER FRIENDS — ATTACKS FROM MACKLOT & CORBIN AND THE PRESS.

In the latter part of 1858, and in 1859, the banking house of Macklot & Corbin, of Davenport, made war on Cook & Sargent's bank, on account of their "wild-cat" money. The Davenport *Democrat* also made almost daily attacks on their circulation, and the merchants, too, became dissatisfied, and said this state of things was an injury; that it kept out eastern money, and made exchange too high. Between Corbin and the *Democrat*, it became so hot for Cook & Sargent that they saw they would be compelled to withdraw their Florence money. To enable them to do this, they procured accommodation paper of Antoine Le Claire, George L. Davenport, Davenport & Rogers, of Le Claire, Burrows & Prettyman, and J. M. D. Burrows — from any one, in short, who was esteemed good in bank circles at the East.

George B. Sargent, one of the firm, went East, and established a branch of the firm in Boston, for the purpose of negotiating this accommodation paper, and attend to other "kiting." As the money was realized on this paper, it was used for redeeming Florence. Had it not been for this assistance, they could not have retired their circulation, and their failure would have occurred at a much earlier date than it did.

In looking over my papers for that winter (1858 –59), just before their failure, I find receipts from Cook & Sargent for six bills of exchange drawn by J. M. D. Burrows on Burrows & Prettyman, and accepted by them, payable at the "Bank of North America," New York, and the "Bank of Massachusetts," Boston, at sixty days. These bills of exchange were for forty thousand dollars. They were acknowledged, in the receipts, as accommodation paper for the benefit of Cook & Sargent, and were to be protected by them when due. The amount of such accommodation paper was generally over a hundred thousand dollars. When it matured, they got new bills to take its place.

This state of things continued until Cook & Sargent's failure, an account of which will be given hereafter. This assistance of borrowed paper put Cook & Sargent in possession of funds to redeem their circulation, but Macklot & Corbin's course in refusing to recognize the "wild-cat" currency, together with the severe strictures of the *Democrat*, compelled them to withdraw their circulation faster than was convenient.

When we issued Burrows & Prettyman's money, it was understood that we would redeem it in Florence, which was always bankable at Cook & Sargent's bank, and they did more business than all the other banks put together.

Austin Corbin was a very shrewd, cautious man. Since that day of small things, he has made his mark in the financial world. As everybody knows, he has become one of the great railroad magnates of the East. I have every reason to speak well of him. He always treated me with courtesy, and I never heard of his trying to injure Burrows & Prettyman's circulation, except as it was connected with Cook & Sargent, when they were at war with each other.

If a man wanted to use one hundred dollars in Davenport, or on the river or railroad, or within a circuit of one hundred miles of Davenport, Burrows & Prettyman or Florence would answer his purpose. If he wanted to use it in traveling East, it would not answer.

A man would bring in a hundred dollars of our checks, saying he wanted something he could use abroad. We would tell him we had nothing but Florence, which was bankable at Cook & Sargent's. We would then count him out one hundred dollars in Florence, which he would take to Cook & Sargent's bank, and get in exchange one hundred dollars of Burrows & Prettyman's checks — and the man was just where he had been fifteen minutes before. This was called, in those days, "swapping cats." We saw this could not continue, and were retiring our circulation as fast as we could, but the necessity came upon us in bad times. Crops in 1858 and 1859 were almost a failure. Farmers could not pay. Burrows & Prettyman had, on the first day of January, 1859, one hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars outstanding on their books and notes, and I do not believe they ever collected more than twenty-five thousand dollars of that amount.

CHAPTER XXX.

COOK & SARGENT RESORT TO UNEXPECTED TACTICS—BURROWS & PRETTYMAN'S RESOURCES THREATENED—AN INTERVIEW IN THE BANK—COOK & SARGENT FORCE THE ISSUE—A RUN ON BURROWS & PRETTYMAN, AND HOW IT WAS WEATHERED.

One morning when I visited the bank, Ebenezer Cook called me into the bank parlor, and said:

"We are getting in our Florence very fast. We now have about forty thousand dollars outstanding, and must get it in. Your circulation hampers us. How do you think it would work if we received your money on special deposit only?"

I answered: "It would ruin us. Any change from the present state of things would be bad for both of us. The best thing we can do is to retire our currency as fast as possible."

He opened the door and called in John P. Cook, and said: "John, Burrows says that change will ruin him."

John P. Cook replied: "No, it will not. His credit with the farmers is so good it won't hurt him at all. Burrows, we will do all we can to help you. We will explain to our depositors that we believe you are as good as ever; that we will take your currency for any notes or any indebtedness to us."

I told the Messrs. Cook that they were not standing up to their agreement. As to hampering them, I could not see it. I said: "You have made thousands of dollars out of what eastern exchange I have given you. I let you have it at par. You sold it at from ten to twenty per cent premium, and exacted of me a promise that I would not let our merchants have any, but let you have all, for which favors you agreed to treat our circulation the same as your own. And then, again, you have our accommodation paper, which you are using to retire Florence."

When I left them they were undecided, and made no move until about three o'clock, when they began to enter our checks as special deposits. Two or three merchants, favorable to me, came to the store just after the bank closed, showed me their bank books, and asked an explanation. I told them what had occurred, and they were very indignant at the manner in which Cook & Sargent had treated us.

That afternoon there was a good deal of excitement, especially in the lower end of town, and I knew there would be a big run on us in the morning. I went home heart-sick. I could neither eat nor sleep. Long before daylight I drank two cups of strong coffee, and went up town to see Ebenezer Cook. He lived at that time at the corner of Third and Brady streets, on the lot where Durfee's jewelry establishment now stands. It was very early — an hour before day. I pounded on his door. He put his head out of the window to see who it was. I told him I wanted to see him, and he came down and let me in. We had a long talk. I think he regretted the step they had taken, but he said it was too late now. He did not think it would injure us as much as I anticipated.

Seeing nothing could be done, I went down to the mill, and stayed there until nine o'clock, when I went over to face the music. I found at least a hundred persons at the store. They had their hands full of currency. I spoke pleasantly to them.

I said: "Gentlemen, you come too many at a time. If there were but a few of you, I might do something for you. Your checks are just as good now as they were three months ago. Anything in this store or the mill you can have in exchange for our checks, as cheaply as if you paid in gold. There are in the back yard one thousand barrels of Kanawha salt, which we received only a few days ago. You can have all you want of it at the lowest wholesale cash price — the cheapest in town; and we shall continue to take the checks, in store and mill, until the last one is redeemed. If you are owing anything at Cook & Sargent's bank, they will take them from you."

Some one spoke up, and said: "That is honest. You need not be scared."

At this, about half of them went away. The rest went to trading.

As regards Burrows & Prettyman's circulation, I am glad to have an opportunity to say that we continued to redeem it until the last check was presented, and never paid less than the face called for. I have five or six of those checks laid away as keepsakes, and they are the only ones I know of in existence.

CHAPTER XXXI.

EVERY CHECK REDEEMED BY BURROWS & PRETTYMAN—DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THAT COURSE AND THE HANDLING OF "FLORENCE"—I MORTGAGE "CLIFTON" TO HELP THE COOKS—AN ILL-ADVISED STEP.

One morning when I was in the bank, John P. Cook picked up a large business envelope, and said to me:

"Burrows, here is a package of your circulation, one hundred dollars. We received it from a Pittsburg bank this morning. I don't know how it got there; probably they got it from some traveler. They told us to do the best we could with it, and remit." He added: "They don't know the value of it. Give me fifty dollars, and you can have it."

I said: "No, Mr. Cook, I will not do it. I have never paid less than the face of those checks, and I have got too near through to begin scalping now."

I was drawing some money. I threw down one hundred dollars, and took the package. Whether the Pittsburg bank got fifty or one hundred dollars, I do not know.

If there is anything I pride myself upon in my business career, it is the Burrows & Prettyman check business. The checks were issued at a time when the business of the city and the situation of the county needed them, and they helped to keep the wheels of commerce moving. A month never passes, even now, but some one speaks to me about those checks, and how they helped business. We never had more than a hundred and ten thousand dollars out; while I think Cook & Sargent had out three hundred thousand dollars of Florence. I know of their burning two hundred thousand dollars of Florence at one time; at least, they said they did, and there was still a great deal in circulation.

Cook & Sargent receiving our checks on special deposit only, injured our paper at the East, which reacted on them. They had generally one hundred thousand dollars of Burrows & Prettyman's and J. M. D. Burrows' drafts and acceptances — accommodation paper, which they depended on to keep themselves afloat; and George B. Sargent found, after this, it was not so easy to dispose of them, and the bank was in a critical condition.

About this time, Ebenezer Cook came to me and said they were very much in need of money; that he had been to see if Le Claire would indorse my note for twenty thousand dollars. Le Claire had promised to do so if I would give him a mortgage on my beautiful home, "Clifton."

I said: "I cannot do that, Mr. Cook; that is my *home*."

The next day Ebenezer Cook called again. We had about the same talk, with the same result. He called again the third day, and was very urgent. He said if they did not get immediate help, they would have to suspend. They had received a telegram from Sargent that day, saying he could realize the money on my note, and wanted it forthwith.

Ebenezer Cook said: "Burrows, if you will do it, if the worst ever comes to the worst, I will take care of you."

The worst did come to the worst, *soon*, and he did *not* take care of me. He never raised a finger.

I gave the note, Le Claire indorsed it, and had to pay the twenty thousand dollars, and his estate took my place.

I never would have given way, had I not known that if Cook & Sargent suspended, they would carry Burrows & Prettyman with them. We, with others, were on their paper for enough to break us all.

CHAPTER XXXII.

EVENTS PRELIMINARY TO THE COOK & SARGENT COLLAPSE—MY MILLING OPERATIONS IN 1852-53—BREAKING OUT OF THE CRIMEAN WAR—A GREAT BOOM IN AMERICAN WHEAT—MY PREPARATIONS TO MEET IT—OPENING OF THE CHICAGO & ROCK ISLAND RAILROAD.

In relating the foregoing facts, I have anticipated somewhat the chronological order of events, and I now find it necessary to retrograde a few years, that the reader may have a consecutive story of the developments which were climaxed in the failure of Cook & Sargent, with the attendant disastrous effects upon Burrows & Prettyman and others.

In 1852-53, as I had been very successful and had made a good deal of money, I decided to double the capacity of my flouring-mill. At the same time, I tore down the Ætna mill, and put up Burrows' block, on the levee, and also built "Clifton," my home already referred to. I spent, in these three improvements, one hundred and sixty thousand dollars, and used more than two millions of brick, all I could get in Davenport and Rock Island.

About this time the Crimean War was declared. In the spring of 1854, I sent my wife East, promising to join her there in the latter part of May. But we had, that summer, a great flood. I could not run my mill for about two months. Burrows & Prettyman's store was in the water, which was nearly two feet deep on the first floor. We had to put in a false floor, and also to run a boat from the corner of Front and Brady streets to our store, to ferry our customers.

I could not leave while this state of things lasted, and did not get away until late in June.

I had been watching the markets and the foreign news. Most persons thought the war would all end in smoke, as it has ended many times since; but I believed Russia would fight. Others thought the war would not affect our markets; but I thought it would, as Russia exported a large quantity of wheat, especially from the port of Sebastopol, and when that port was blockaded, I believed there would be a sharp advance in breadstuffs.

I was in New York during the early part of July, and visited my old friend, James E. Woodruff, at Woodruff & Co.'s office, in Broad street. I had many talks with Mr. Woodruff about the prospect of the business season about to open. Breadstuff markets were very much depressed, both in the East and the West.

Woodruff asked me what I was going to pay for wheat. I told him fifty cents a bushel.

He said: "I don't know what you are going to do with it at that price. There is not a market in the world that you can ship wheat to where it will net you more than forty cents a bushel. You ought not to pay to exceed forty cents." He added: "You are too good to the farmers. You pay too much for produce. You always pay higher prices than any of our customers. You work harder, for less money, than any man I ever knew."

"Well," said I, "we are going to have a heavy crop of wheat, and I have doubled the capacity of my mill. Our farmers will not sell wheat freely at less than fifty cents a bushel. Burrows & Prettyman have a large amount standing out which they must get in, and it will require fifty cents a bushel to make collections. I have more faith in the future than you have. I intend to ship everything to New York —all my flour and surplus wheat, and don't care how long it is on the way; the longer the better, because I am satisfied the prices are going to be much higher."

I returned home. On my way, I stopped one day in Chicago, to see how the markets were. Flint & Wheeler were the strongest and heaviest grain men in Chicago then, and had the largest elevator in the city. They took me on 'Change, and showed me various samples of new winter wheat, which was just beginning to come in from Southern Illinois, and selling, that day, at sixty cents a bushel. I had a long talk with them about the fall business. They coincided with Woodruff that forty cents was a generous price, and all I ought to pay.

Our railroad, the Chicago & Rock Island, had just been opened, and freight was very high, being about twenty cents a bushel for wheat from Davenport to Chicago, and then an added expense of about two cents a bushel for receiving, selling, etc.

Fifty cents a bushel for spring wheat in Davenport, with freight and expenses twenty-two cents in Chicago, making the price seventy-two cents a bushel, when the best of fall wheat was selling at sixty cents, did look somewhat venturesome; but, in my whole experience, I never felt so sure of a season's business as I did then. My friends thought I would ruin myself. I went contrary to the advice of James E. Woodruff and Flint & Wheeler, whose judgment I generally considered superior to my own.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

An Unparalleled Wheat Crop in Iowa — Buying It All In at Seemingly Exorbitant Prices — Luck Favors the Speculator — The Investing of Sebastopol Causes Enormous Profits — $100,000 in Sixty Days — Even Disaster Makes Money for Me — Beginning of the End.

I arrived home from my eastern trip about nine o'clock in the morning. After looking over the store and mill, I went home, and, taking an early dinner, immediately drove into the country to examine the crops.

Such a crop of wheat Scott County never produced before nor since. Farmers were beginning to harvest. Our land was new, and in condition to produce its very best. Club wheat had recently been introduced, and nearly all the growing crop was of that variety. It stood thick and even on the ground, nearly five feet high, and well headed. For six inches below the head, the straw was as yellow as gold.

Wheat ran, that year, from thirty to forty bushels to the acre. What was very remarkable, the quality of the wheat was all alike; all graded No. 1. You could not get an inferior quality, even if you paid a premium for it. This extraordinary crop of wheat made me still more sanguine, and I felt in my very bones that this was the time to pitch in.

The heaviest dealers in produce in Davenport, besides myself, were Graham & Kepner. I told them I was going to control the wheat market of Davenport that fall, and that I should keep the price of wheat about two cents above prices in Muscatine, which, at that time, was our only competitor. I also told them that I intended to draw the wheat from Cedar and Linn Counties away from Muscatine.

I made this proposition to them: "I will give you five cents a bushel for all the wheat you will buy between now and the first of next December. You shall put it in my mill, on the railroad cars, or on a steamboat, or wherever I shall instruct you. I will give you the price each morning which you are to pay that day. You shall pay just what I pay. I will never bid against you. You will furnish your own money. I want your bills of lading and vouchers every Saturday, and you are to bring in your bill every Monday morning, and I will pay you."

In those days I drew on my shipments only once a week.

Graham & Kepner accepted my proposition. I used to pay them from ten to twenty thousand dollars every Monday morning. They made an arrangement with a Mr. Campbell, a banker on Main street, to furnish the money. This Mr. Campbell, by the way, committed suicide in the bank, a year or so afterward, by shooting himself.

Mr. Graham has told me since, repeatedly, that they never did as well any season as they did under this arrangement with me. At the commencement, I paid ten cents a bushel more than anyone else dared to pay.

I had all Graham & Kepner's wheat put into cars for shipment to New York, as I received from farmers all I could grind. Graham & Kepner arranged with the railroad company to place cars where the farmers could get at them and unload their wheat into the car, thus saving a second handling and the additional expense.

As soon as I had made my arrangement with Graham & Kepner, I went over to Chicago to make arrangements with Flint & Wheeler to receive and forward my shipments. I told them I expected to be able to load a vessel once a week, and that I did not want my wheat inspected. All I wanted was to have them receive the flour and wheat, from day to day, as it arrived, and hold it until they had enough to load a vessel, when they were to consign to Woodruff & Co., New York.

It took but a short time to show that I was in luck. Sebastopol was invested. Breadstuffs advanced in Europe. Russia's ports were blockaded. Her grain was locked up. The first of my fifty-cent wheat brought two dollars and twenty-five cents a bushel in New York. I made more than one hundred thousand dollars between the 1st of August and the 1st of December. Most of the money was made the first sixty days, when wheat was low. I began buying at fifty cents, and in October was paying a dollar and forty cents a bushel. At the latter price only ordinary profits were made. Everything seemed to favor me that fall. One propellor, loaded entirely with my wheat and flour, exploded on the lake, and sunk, the cargo being a total loss, and I made four thousand dollars by it. It was insured in New York City, and I saved the freight from Davenport to New York.

From the 1st of December of that year (1854) until some time in March, 1856, during the Crimean War, I did a fairly good business.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A Sudden Taste of Adversity — Death of Nicholas, Czar of Russia, and Slump in the Wheat Market — A Loss of $200,000 in a Single Day — Distress Among Dealers all Along the Mississippi — Small Disasters Follow the Big One — The Camanche Cyclone with the Rest.

Then came a dreadful blow. First, the news of the taking of Sebastopol; then, in a short time, the death of Nicholas, Czar of Russia. At the news of his death, everyone knew the war was at an end, and prices of produce fell instantly all over the United States — wheat from fifty to sixty cents a bushel; flour, three dollars a barrel, and everything else in proportion; and the decline continued day after day. I went to bed, on the night the news arrived, two hundred thousand dollars poorer than I had arisen the same morning.

I had on the market, and unsold, six thousand barrels of flour, and, in Davenport, one hundred and fifty thousand bushels of wheat, and all my winter's packing, not a dollar's worth of which had been sold.

That drop in prices was an overwhelming catastrophe. It broke up nearly every dealer on the Mississippi River, and was really what finally broke Burrows & Prettyman. We worked along a number of years, badly crippled. This revulsion in the market brought on stagnation and hard times, and there was not much opportunity for a man to retrieve his fortunes.

I had made a good deal of money, but had laid it out in building, and in some outside speculations, which entailed heavy losses.

The opening of the Chicago & Rock Island Railroad rather bewildered me. It revolutionized the mode of doing business. Heretofore, a few men at each business point had done the bulk of the business required, and a great deal of money and good credit were necessary. We always had been compelled to hold our accumulation from November to April, and not many had either the nerve or the means to do it.

When the railroad got into operation, produce men were as thick as potato-bugs. If a man could raise two hundred and fifty dollars, he could begin business. That amount would buy a car-load of wheat. In the morning he would engage a car, have it put where he could load it, and have the farmer put his wheat, barley, or oats, as the case might be, in the car. By three o'clock in the afternoon the car would be loaded and shipped.

In the pork season it was the same way. As I have said before, the hogs in those days were brought in ready dressed. A produce dealer would place a scale on the sidewalk in some convenient place, weigh his hogs as he bought them, pile them up on the sidewalk, and, in the afternoon, load them up and ship them. Dealers were at no expense of rent or labor.

One of my outside speculations referred to already, was the building of a warehouse at the freight depot, which we thought would be necessary. We bought the lot just west of where the Crescent Mill now stands, and paid four thousand dollars cash for it. After keeping it several years, and finding we did not need it, we sold it for two thousand dollars.

I got the idea that it would be necessary, in order to retain our trade, to follow the railroad. We were induced to start a branch store in Fulton; also, a manufactory for reaping-machines and seed-sowers in the same place; also, to invest in the Fulton steam flouring-mill and operate it. And then, still worse, to start another branch store in Iowa City, where a fast young man soon sunk twenty thousand dollars for us. The firm was Burrows, Prettyman & Babcock, and the fast young man's name was Babcock.

In a trade I made with George L. Davenport, he conveyed to me a one-third interest in the only steam saw-mill in Camanche, which investment was also an unfortunate operation. The only thing expected of me seemed to be to furnish money to buy logs. I don't think I ever received a dollar in return from the concern. If I did, I have no recollection of it.

Then came the great cyclone which swept over Camanche, almost destroying the town, and killing many of its inhabitants. The cyclone blew away and destroyed our lumber, and badly damaged the mill.

In these various outside speculations, I lost not less than one hundred thousand dollars, which reflected no credit upon my business sagacity.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Cook & Sargent in a Strait — Those "Florence" Notes Cause the Trouble — History of the "Currency Riot" of 1859 — Ebenezer Cook's House Smashed — The Rioters Visit "Clifton," but Think Better of Their Purpose — An Exciting Epoch.

These great losses made hard times for me. We were retiring our circulation as fast as we could. As I have said before, the necessity came upon us at a bad time. For two years our crops were a failure, our farmers were unable to meet their engagements, and I do not think I ever experienced a worse time than in 1859.

Cook & Sargent, spurred on by Austin Corbin and the *Democrat*, were still taking in Florence as fast as they could, but there was much grumbling and dissatisfaction.

Ebenezer Cook was Mayor that year. One evening in the summer of 1859, some one came to my house and informed me that I had better go up town; that he understood there was likely to be a currency riot that night. After supper, I went up town and held a consultation with Mr. Prettyman. We had iron shutters on the store. I advised him to close the shutters and stay inside, while I stayed outside. An hour later, a mob came from the east, along Front street.

They passed along Front street, between the store and the mill, in perfect silence, without halting or making a demonstration, turned the corner of Perry street, and marched up. I surmised where they were going, and, getting ahead of them, went to Ebenezer Cook's house and told him what was on hand.

In a few minutes the crowd came. They did not lose much time, but began to hoot, and to pelt, with rocks and clubs, Mr. Cook's beautiful new house, into which he had just moved. The crowd soon smashed in the front windows. Mr. Cook's family and I were in the front part of the house, but had to go to the kitchen for safety.

After pretty effectually smashing in the front windows, the crowd began to withdraw. Mr. Cook was very much excited. Being Mayor of the town, he thought this attack not only an outrage on his rights as a citizen, but an indignity to his official station. He said if he had known it in time, he would have had a cannon there.

As the mob left, some one cried out, "Now for Burrows!" Another voice said, "Let Burrows alone;" but about one-third of the rioters started toward my house, nearly a mile and a half distant, the rest scattering to their homes.

I had a horse near the mill. Leaping upon him, I started for home, where I arrived much sooner than the mob did. After telling my wife what was going on, and not to be alarmed, that no one would hurt her, I closed all the shutters, and went outside. I told my wife I should not go away, but would remain in the yard. I took with me a double-barrel gun which I always kept loaded and handy.

Taking a position east of my house, at the forks of the road, in the shrubbery on my own premises, where no one could see me, I waited for some time. Finally, along came the mob. They halted before they reached the forks of the road, and held a council of war. I could hear their voices, but could not make out what they said.

After considerable noisy debate, some one cried out loudly, "Let Burrows alone!" Some one else said, "Let Burrows alone!" and the whole crowd left. And that was the end of the currency riot of 1859.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE STORM THICKENS OVER COOK & SARGENT — A NOTE PROTESTED BY MACKLOT & CORBIN — NO FUNDS IN THE RIVAL BANK — UNSUCCESSFUL EFFORTS TO STAY THE IMPENDING CATASTROPHE — A DAY OF ANXIETY.

On the 15th day of December, 1859, the afternoon before the failure of Cook & Sargent, about fifteen minutes after three o'clock, Mr. Prettyman came over to the mill, and said:

"I forgot to inform you, this morning, that we have a note to pay to-day, at Macklot & Corbin's bank."

I asked: "How much is it?"

He said: "Three hundred and some twenty-odd dollars."

I said: "I will go and see about it;" and I started for Cook & Sargent's bank.

On my way, I stopped at Macklot & Corbin's, and told them the note had been overlooked, and asked if they would be satisfied if I paid the note in the morning when I drew on my shipments. They said the note would have to be protested to protect themselves.

I returned to the store and told our book-keeper to hand me a package of city and county orders, amounting to eight hundred and twenty dollars, that were in the safe. I then went to Cook & Sargent's bank, told Ebenezer Cook about the note, and that I wanted the money to take it up, and that I would provide for it when I drew on New York, the next morning. He said they had just sent all their bankable funds to the express office, to go to Chicago, and he did not believe they had in the bank that much money such as Corbin would take, holding nothing but Florence and Burrows & Prettyman's money.

He said: "Pay it in the morning. It won't hurt you to have the note lay over."

I said: "You are mistaken. It will hurt us a great deal, for this is some of our new paper."

He replied: "That is so. If it is some of your new paper, you ought to take it up."

Some time before this, our creditors, wishing us to keep along as usual with them, said that if we would meet our new paper as it fell due, they would let the old indebtedness stand, and we could pay it from time to time, as we were able.

Ebenezer Cook called in John P. Cook, and told him what I wanted, explaining that the note was some of our new paper, and ought not to go to protest.

John P. Cook answered: "We have not that much money in bankable funds, or what Macklot & Corbin call bankable funds." He said to me: "Why don't you make your notes payable at our bank? Then we could hold them over for you."

The note was payable at Cook & Sargent's, but was sent to Macklot & Corbin for collection.

John P. Cook added: "Let them protest it if they want to. You take it up to-morrow, and then telegraph that it was overlooked, but that you took it up to-day." As I could do nothing else, I followed his advice.

I returned to the store, and then remembered that I had left my package of county orders on the table in Cook & Sargent's bank parlor. As I expected to go to the bank as soon as it was open in the morning, I did not take the time then to go after the orders.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE BLOW FALLS AT LAST—"CLOSED" AT COOK & SARGENT'S—A MOB OF ANGRY DEPOSITORS—DESPERATE SCENE IN THE BANK—EBENEZER COOK'S FRENZIED DESPAIR—THE MISSING BUNDLE OF COUNTY ORDERS—UNWARRANTED USE OF THEM BY THE RUINED BANKERS—A FORGOTTEN PROMISE.

On the morning of the 16th of December, 1859, the first place I visited after coming into town was the mill, where I spent about an hour examining what had been done during the night, and counting the amount of flour on hand, to see how much money I would have for the day's business. At a quarter past nine o'clock, I left the mill to go over to the store to draw my drafts, preparatory to my visit to the bank.

In the middle of Front street I met Cephas Sanders, one of our clerks, coming over to see me.

He said: "Mr. Burrows, Cook & Sargent are not open this morning."

I did not take in the situation at first, and said: "What is the matter? Is any one dead?"

He replied: "No, they have busted up."

I said: "I don't believe it."

He answered: "I do. I am going over to see."

It was a pretty cold day. I went over to the store to get my overcoat, and then went straight to the bank. Main street and Second street were crowded with townsfolk. It looked as if there was a fire. I should think there were more than one thousand excited persons, many of whom were clamoring for admittance to the bank. There were two policemen guarding the front door. I went to the side door. A policeman was on guard. I told him I wanted to go in. He said he had instructions not to admit any one. I told him it was necessary that I should go in, and that it would be all right.

The policeman stepped aside, and I entered. There was no one in the bank, except the clerks. Each clerk stood at his usual place, all looking as solemn as owls. I went at once into the bank parlor, and there I saw a sight that I never shall forget. I was really alarmed. I dropped into the first chair at hand.

Ebenezer Cook was walking the floor, back and forth, swinging his arms, and tearing his hair out by the handful. Every time he passed me, he gave me such a wild, terrible look that I thought he had gone mad. He crossed the room in this way ten or twelve times, neither of us saying a word.

I then said: "Cook, what is the matter?"

He stopped in front of me and exclaimed: "I am ruined! you are ruined!—we are all ruined together!"

He went to the table and picked up a dispatch, which he handed to me, saying: "Read that."

It was from George B. Sargent, in Boston. The dispatch said: "If Clarissa will give seventy-five thousand acres"—and something else, which I have forgotten—"we can go on."

Ebenezer Cook stood by me while I read the telegram, and when I handed it back, he said: "If I had received that an hour sooner, I would not have stopped—" He hesitated a minute, and then added, despairingly: "Yes, I would, too. There is some one to be taken care of at this end of the line, as well as at the other."

As there was nothing to be done, I went back to the store, and found it in possession of the sheriff. We had endorsed some one's paper, and the holder sued out an attachment before our own creditors made a move.

There was so much excitement that day that I did not think of the package of county orders I had left in Cook & Sargent's bank the day before.

The next day Prettyman said: "What are we going to do about paying the men?" We had a large number to pay—coopers, mill-men, and clerks.

I replied: "I will get the money to pay them. I have about eight hundred dollars in county orders over at the bank, and will go over and get them and have them cashed."

The morning the bank failed, all the money we had in the world, except our own circulation, was a Bank of Florence five-dollar bill. It was so early we had not drawn our usual supply of money for the day's business.

I went over to the bank, and into the bank parlor, where I had left my package of county orders, and looked the place over thoroughly, until I was satisfied that the orders were not there. I was just going out when John P. Cook came in.

He said: "Burrows, what are you looking for?"

I answered: "I am looking for a package of county orders I left here day before yesterday."

Cook said: "It is not here."

I said: "Yes, it is; I left it lying on the table."

He answered, in a hesitating manner: "Yes; I know you did."

I asked: "Well, where is it, then?"

He replied: "McCosh, the County Treasurer, was down here, crying and howling, and I gave him all ours and yours, too."

"Why," said I, "Mr. Cook, they did not belong to *you;* you had no business to give McCosh *my* property to pay *your* debts."

He answered: "I suppose I had not; but he was making such a noise and fuss that I wanted to quiet him; but I will make it good to you."

He never has made it good to me, and I have no reason to think that he ever will.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Action at Law Against Cook & Sargent — The Mortgage on "Clifton"—Victory in the Lower Court, but Reversal in the Supreme Tribunal — The Revelation of After Years — A Single Judge Casts the Die from "Sympathy" — Gross Injustice All Around.

After the failure of Cook & Sargent, not being able to get any satisfaction or protection from them on the twenty-thousand-dollar mortgage to Le Claire, nor to get pay for my county orders, which they took after their failure, I brought suit against them, my attorney, Judge Grant, believing that if I could show that I did not owe Cook & Sargent anything at the time when the mortgage was given, I could get it set aside.

The result of the suit was a judgment in favor of Burrows & Prettyman for one hundred and ten thousand dollars, as the bank books showed that on the day the Le Claire mortgage was given, Cook & Sargent owed Burrows & Prettyman that amount.

This suit was brought on a basis of ten per cent interest from the time we began business with Cook

& Sargent until the date of the mortgage. We presented a statement and our bank books to the Supreme Court. Cook & Sargent did not dispute the same, and although we showed that they owed us at the time the mortgage was given, it was of no avail, as, on account of innocent parties interested in the mortgage, it had to stand.

The last time I saw Mr. Lindley, of the law firm of Cook, Dillon & Lindley, was about ten years ago, at the corner of Second and Brady streets.

After shaking hands, Mr. Lindley drew me to one side, and said: "I want to talk with you." We sat down on a dry-goods box, and he said:

"Well, how is the world treating you now-a-days?"

I replied: "Rather roughly."

He asked me what I was doing, and I told him I was farming, gardening, and filibustering around, trying to make a living.

He said: "Burrows, I am sorry for you. Cook & Sargent treated you badly; but, if possible, they treated me worse than they did you, when I came to settle with them. Do you know how near you came to saving your home on the hill?"

I answered: "Well, I can't say that I do."

He continued: "You came devilish near it. You only lost it by *one* vote in the Supreme Court, and that Judge hesitated a whole year. He hated to take your place from you, and if it had been only Cook & Sargent and you who were interested, you would have saved your place. But George B. Sargent had obtained the money from an estate in Boston, where the money was needed to support and educate orphan children."

Mr. Lindley was a very fine man, and while he was employed on the opposite side in the suit, his sympathies were with me.

Shortly after the dissolution of the law firm of Cook, Dillon & Lindley, which quickly followed the failure of Cook & Sargent, Mr. Lindley went to St. Louis; represented that district in Congress two terms, and then was appointed a judge in one of the St. Louis courts.

The mill and Burrows' block had been placed in the hands of a receiver, and rented to me for five thousand dollars a year.

At the end of the first year the receiver told me: "You are paying too much rent. I am going to get it reduced to twenty-five hundred dollars a year;" and he did.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

More Reverses in Business — Mr. Prettyman Retires — The Rebellion Contributes to the Sum Total of Misfortune — Then Came the Fire that Destroyed the Albion Mills — Not a Dollar of Insurance.

The failure of Cook & Sargent, at that time, was a great surprise to me, and I think it was unexpected by them. It is my opinion that they had no idea of it the day before; but a bank doing such a business as they always had done, not having three hundred dollars on hand when it closed at three o'clock, showed that there was something rotten somewhere. If Cook & Sargent had not failed, Burrows & Prettyman would have gone safely through the crisis. Our financial situation was much better than it had been. Our circulation was nearly out of the way. A wealthy relative in Norfolk, Virginia, had lent me ten thousand dollars, to assist us in retiring our checks, and would have done more if it had been necessary.

The winter after the failure we were idle, completely tied up. In the spring, Mr. Prettyman accepted a situation as agent of the Northern Line Packet Company, and I arranged to get the management of my mill and Burrows' block, and was making a comfortable living when the civil war broke out. The years 1860 and 1861, and a part of 1862, were unfavorable for milling — 1860, very much so. I had a large lot of flour in New Orleans, unsold, and communication with that city was about suspended, and to close out the flour our agents were compelled to sell it at auction, causing me a loss.

In the latter part of 1863, prospects improved, and as I expected to do a large fall business, I laid up my mill for repairs during harvest. I spent about twenty-five hundred dollars on it, and had just got it ready to run when it was destroyed by fire.

The bolts did not work right, and for some time I had been running nights and laying still during the day, to overhaul the bolts, etc. The repairs were to be finished the day of the fire. This was right in harvest. I used to raise a good deal of wheat then, and, having about one thousand acres that year, I was in the habit of going out to the wheat-fields every day during harvest, after I had arranged my business in town. I had a contract for flour, and the boat was expected that day. I told the miller not to shut down the mill until the shipment was out; then the millwrights could finish their job. The flour was not out until about noon, when the millwrights took possession.

I went out into the country about nine o'clock, came home at noon, ate my dinner, and went immediately to the mill. I found no one there, the men not having returned from dinner. I counted the flour, and found the shipment was out. I had set a man to work, that morning, in the upper story, cleaning out a lot of rubbish, and went up to see what he had done.

As I came down stairs to the third floor, where the bolting-chests were situated, I cast my eyes upward and saw a little whiff of smoke curling around overhead, about as much as a man would puff when smoking a cigar. I stood and looked at it. In a moment it disappeared, and I concluded it was a puff of steam which had found its way from the engine-room.

I walked down stairs, and met a farmer from Pleasant Valley, who was looking for me. He wanted me to send him some harvest hands. After talking with him for ten minutes, I went to the office of the Northern Line Packet Company to see Mr. Prettyman about some wheat he had in store, which I had bought and wanted delivered at the mill that afternoon, as it was to be ground that night. I found the teamster loading it up, and then went to my own office, No. 2 Burrows' block. I asked my son, who was clerking for me, what time it was. He looked at his watch, and said it was twenty minutes past two. I said I would write my Chicago letter, and then go to the field. I picked up pen and ink, and had written but two lines when a friend, Oscar A. Barker, familiarly known as "Father Barker," came rushing to the door, and said:

"Mr. Burrows, I believe your mill is on fire."

I rushed out, and the blackest smoke I ever saw was pouring out of the third-story windows, where the bolts the men had been working at were placed.

As I ran up stairs, I saw the engineer, and cried: "The mill is on fire! Give the alarm, and bring water, quick; perhaps we can put it out."

As soon as I reached the head of the stairs I saw that it was too late. I then exclaimed: "Never mind the water; try to get out the flour."

The flour was in the second story. It was too late to save even that. The fire leaped from elevator to elevator, and in five minutes from the time it was discovered, the whole mill, from the cellar to the roof, was a mass of flames.

To the repeated inquiry, "Mr. Burrows, how did your mill get on fire?" I answered: "It must have been set on fire." But at night one of the packers came to my house, and said:

"I have come to tell you how your mill got on fire. Mr. Drew, the millwright, is responsible for it. He had been examining the bolts inside the bolting-chests, using a candle for that purpose, and when he went to dinner, he left the candle burning inside the chest, and closed the doors, so that the light could not be seen. The weather was hot, and the candle burned away rapidly, possibly fell over, and so ignited the bolting-cloths."

The little whiff of smoke I had seen must have found its way through some crack. There was twenty-five thousand dollars insurance on the mill, but it all went to my creditors. My individual loss on stock was about six thousand dollars, and I had no insurance.

CHAPTER XL.

Once More in the Milling Line, and Once More Wiped Out by Fire—Close of My Business Career, and Beginning of Days Darkened by Poverty—Sketches of My Two Staunch Business Associates, Robert M. Prettyman and James E. Woodruff.

If that mill had not burned, I might have made up my losses, and been in good shape again. I had made some money that summer, and had the means to run the mill to advantage that fall. It was the largest mill in the State, and made from three hundred and fifty to five hundred barrels of flour a day. It made, once, five hundred and forty barrels in one day. This mill cost me about sixty thousand dollars, and in a favorable season made money fast; and if I had had the use of it during the latter part of the war, from 1863 to 1865, it would have brought me out all right again. As George Hawley, of Pleasant Valley, said to me once, a man could not help making money during the war. He said:

"You could not turn over a stone without finding a greenback under it."

After a brief period of inactivity, I decided to try milling once more, and bought the lot at Fifth and Harrison streets, where there had been an elevator, which had been burned. I also bought a small mill at Atalissa, and brought it in and put it up on the lot, but labored under many disadvantages. I spent about fifteen hundred dollars trying to get a supply of water, but failed. Sometimes I had to hire teams to haul water from the river; sometimes, also, to catch water as it ran down the gutters, which damaged the boilers, causing constant expense; but, notwithstanding all this, the mill had nearly paid for itself, when another fire occurred, and mill No. 2 was burned down.

This mill, like the other, had been laid up for repairs, and was nearly ready for business when it took fire from spontaneous combustion, caused by a pile of slack coal in the engine-room. The building was entirely destroyed.

This ended my efforts in the milling line, as I did not have the means to continue, and could not see much inducement to erect another mill; and so I turned my attention to farming and gardening, which I found a hard way to earn a living; but I persevered until a year ago, when my health broke down, and since then I have been shelved.

Before closing these reminiscences of business ventures and vicissitudes, I desire to record here, as humble tributes to their memories, brief sketches of the two men nearest to me as business associates during my career, and both dead before me.

Robert M. Prettyman, so long my partner, and so close to me, not only in business life, but personal relations, died in Davenport, from cholera, on September 3, 1873, while acting as agent for the Northern Line Packet Company, the position that I have already said he accepted on retiring from the firm of Burrows & Prettyman. Mr. Prettyman was generous, hospitable, and courteous, extremely popular among his associates, and respected by all who knew him. He was born in Sussex County, Delaware, on July 5, 1813; being the only son, and youngest of three children, of Isaac and Hannah Prettyman. His mother died in Sussex, when Robert was only four years old, and his father died six years later. After the death of his father, Robert lived with his grandmother until he was seventeen years old, when she apprenticed him to a dry-goods merchant, with whom he remained until he was twenty-one years old. He then emigrated, first to Illinois, where he worked at farming for a short time, and thence, not liking agriculture, to Davenport, in 1840. He first found a situation as clerk in a hotel, but soon gave it up to begin as clerk, and afterwards to become a partner in the firm of Burrows & Prettyman, as chronicled in the foregoing record. Mr. Prettyman was married to Julia H. Logue, on August 14, 1843, in Davenport. He left two children, a daughter and son — Mrs. A. Kimball and Robert M. Prettyman.

I have mentioned the name of James E. Woodruff in this book, repeatedly, as having been my best business friend, and one to whose kindness and generosity I attribute, in a great measure, such business successes as at times I scored. He was a noble man, generous, high-minded, and indefatigable in his business. No merchant stood higher in business circles in St. Louis or New York than he. His close attention to business affected his health, and in 1855, the year after I had consulted him about the Crimean War wheat speculations, his physician said that he was threatened with softening of the brain, and recommended that he take a trip to Europe. Mr. Woodruff had a brother-in-law, E. K. Collins, a rich Quaker, of New York City, who was the owner of the famous Collins line of ocean steamships, consisting of four first-class vessels, running from New York to Liverpool, one of which made the quickest trip ever made across the Atlantic up to that time. It became the favorite line, but did not exist long. Two of the vessels being lost within ten years, the enterprise was abandoned. The lost vessels were the "Pacific" and the "Arctic." Mr. Woodruff had passed three or four months abroad, and, with improved health, was returning with his family, on the "Arctic," when, during a heavy fog, off Cape Race, she was run into by some other vessel, and so badly damaged that she sank with nearly all on board. A gentleman, one of the few saved, brought the report that the captain, after examining into the damage done to the boat, informed the passengers that there was no hope; they must go down. The boat was sinking inch by inch; and just before the final lurch, Mr. Woodruff was seen standing on deck, perfectly calm, his wife clinging to one hand and his daughters to the other. He held them close, and seemed to be trying to comfort them, when the vessel shuddered and plunged violently, and in an instant disappeared forever. Nothing more was ever heard of James E. Woodruff.

CHAPTER XLI.

HISTORY OF THE ESTABLISHMENT OF OAKDALE CEMETERY — DIFFICULTY TO OBTAIN MONEY — PRESENT CONDITION OF THE BEAUTIFUL CITY OF THE DEAD.

One of the enterprises in which I was interested, and which I recall with satisfaction, because it will be a permanent benefit to the city of Davenport, is the establishment of Oakdale Cemetery; and I propose to devote this chapter to a history of the undertaking, that the facts, never before all stated correctly, may be put on record.

Some time after all the land in this section was supposed to be entered, I heard that the eighty-acre tract where Oakdale is situated had been overlooked. This was about 1845, I think. I sent up to the Dubuque land office and entered the tract. A year later, I sold it to John Mullen, an Irish drayman, for five dollars an acre. About ten years later (in 1856), some half-dozen gentlemen and myself agreed that Davenport ought to have better accommodations for her dead — something that would be an honor to the city in years to come. The "City Cemetery" was inadequate, besides being badly situated. "Pine Hill" was a private speculation, which we did not approve. We organized a company, and looked about for suitable grounds. After thorough examination, we selected the ground now called Oakdale, and bought half of it (forty acres) back from John Mullen, paying him one hundred dollars an acre.

George B. Sargent and myself contributed the largest amounts. The company also borrowed twelve hundred and fifty dollars from some one in the East. When we bought Mullen's forty acres, land near the city was high. Davenport was having a "boom." As we could not be incorporated until the Legislature met, which would be two years, the directors had Mullen deed the land back to me, and I held it for the company until the Legislature met, when I conveyed it to the company.

We employed an expert landscape gardener, of Washington, D. C., to lay out the cemetery, and paid him five hundred dollars for his work. He had planned and laid out some of the finest cemeteries in the United States. The first two or three years, our company was very much embarrassed. We were passing through the hard times of 1858–59, and were hard-put to it to collect money for necessary expenses. The loan of twelve hundred and fifty dollars had to be paid, as the lender threatened to foreclose. George B. Sargent and myself each loaned the company five hundred dollars. The remaining two hundred and fifty dollars, Antoine Le Claire, at my solicitation, loaned us, I giving him my individual note for the money, as he would have nothing to do with the company. I believe the affairs of the company have been very prosperous for several years.

Oakdale is a beautiful place, and will, from year to year, become much more beautiful. All moneys received from sale of lots, with the exception of necessary expenses, are to be spent in beautifying and improving the grounds.

The originator, and the most indefatigable man in pushing this enterprise forward, was William H. F. Gurley, Esq., long since dead, and who sleeps, I believe, in the cemetery at Washington, D. C.

CHAPTER XLII.

A Closing Retrospection.

The changes fifty years produce no one can realize, unless he has experienced them. When my mind reverts to the scenes of 1838, and my memory calls up the struggles and poverty of the pioneer settlers the first ten years of my residence in Scott County, and then considers what those men and women accomplished with their iron nerve, their tireless energy, their large hearts and strong arms, my heart is filled with joy and pride that I am reckoned one of them.

When I see the results of those early struggles, I do not regret, even now — when, after fifty years of exertion, I am overtaken with old age, ill-health, and poverty — that I cast my lot and united my efforts with those brave pioneers in laying the foundation of what we are all proud of — the beautiful City of Davenport, and the banner County of the State of Iowa, "Old Scott!"

And while, financially, I am even worse off than when I landed here, on the bright 27th day of July, 1838, I flatter myself that I have contributed something toward the sum total of prosperity that now smiles upon the scene which was then practically unsettled, unimproved, and almost unknown.

Fifty years ago, Davenport contained only about twenty-five dwelling-houses, and a scant one hundred and fifty inhabitants. The western part of town, below what is now called Ripley street, was a mere swamp, where neither man nor beast could venture without danger of miring. Repeatedly has the writer assisted in rescuing cattle and horses from the quagmire that existed there, prying up with boards, and dragging out with ropes, the live stock of our neighbors. Now, that dangerous bog is covered with substantial brick dwellings and paved streets; the little village of one hundred and fifty inhabitants has grown to a beautiful city of thirty thousand; and more houses are erected now in one year than the pioneers, struggling with poverty, were able to build the first ten years.

Fifty years ago, our dwellings and business houses were small one and one-half story frame buildings; now, the new court-house, the Masonic Temple, the Turner Hall, and the substantial business houses erected in recent years, are a source of pride to what few old settlers are left.

Fifty years ago, our church-going people worshiped in warehouses, carpenter-shops, or any rooms they could find vacant. School-houses, we had none. Now, our church-buildings and our school-houses are a credit to the State.

Fifty years ago, Scott County did not raise enough provisions to feed the few hundred inhabitants.

Now, Scott County stands No. 1 in her business and her productions.

Fifty years ago, we had, comparatively speaking, no money. Many a pioneer could not raise the twenty-five cents with which to pay the postage on the letter from the dear ones he had left at his old home. Now, Scott County is the wealthiest county in the State of Iowa, and the bulk of her wealth is the savings of honest labor, the fruit of the planting of fifty years ago.

Truly, the wilderness has blossomed as the rose. The seed planted by the pioneer, taking quick root, has transformed the lonely prairies into magnificent farms. The small cluster of houses at the foot of Ripley street has grown until it covers an area of three miles east and west, and one and one-half miles north and south.

I had occasion to go into the Masonic Temple a few days before writing these lines, and as I viewed its beauty, extent, and facilities for convenience, my thoughts went back to 1838, and I remembered the many Saturday nights I had waited until nine or ten o'clock, in the little twelve-by-fourteen post-office which stood on the same ground, for our eastern mail, which we received only *every other Saturday night.*

When I gaze upon Davenport's new and magnificent court-house, and consider the large amount of books and stationery now used for county purposes, I think of the first two years of my business in the town (1840–41), when Ebenezer Cook was County Clerk, and I used to bring, twice a year, from Cincinnati, in my trunk, all the books and stationery needed.

But, while I notice with joy and pride these great changes in the progress and wealth of Scott County, Oakdale, the city of the dead, suggests other thoughts.

In looking over my books and papers, containing the records of transactions forty to fifty years ago, I am filled with sadness as I read over the names of those with whom I was associated so intimately, and find so few of them still living. I cannot recall more than twenty persons alive in Scott County, as I write, who were here when I came here, in 1838. And we few that are left must soon go to join those that have rested from their labors, and the time is near at hand when it will be said:

"The last Old Settler is gone."

APPENDIX.

When I had my book more than half finished, I was requested, a number of times, to refer to the Mormons and the murder of Colonel Davenport, as being matters of interest. As the book was too far along to insert these facts in their proper places as to dates, I add them as an appendix.

From 1840 to 1845, this section of the West was infested with a desperate gang of robbers, horse-thieves, counterfeiters, and murderers, who kept the country in a constant state of alarm. Their headquarters were said to be at Nauvoo, among the Mormons, whence, from time to time, they issued forth on their expeditions of robbery and murder.

Moscow, in Cedar County, Camanche, in Clinton, Bellevue, in Jackson, and a part of Lee County, Iowa, seemed to be headquarters for the fraternity, and when pursued, they made their way to Nauvoo, where they were protected by the Mormon authorities; so the people were compelled to take the law in their own hands, and one of the gang at Moscow, and some four or five at Bellevue, suffered death at the hands of "Judge Lynch."

We had quite a number of Mormons mixed up in our population in this county, but they seemed to be of the better sort, and we had no trouble with them. A few emigrated with the Mormons when they left Nauvoo, but most of them remained, and seem to have been absorbed.

The lawless state of affairs, and the murder of our old friend, Colonel George Davenport, created a great sensation in the early '40s.

About the time of the execution of the two Longs and Young, three of the murderers of Colonel Davenport, there was published a pamphlet, called the "Banditti of the Prairies," giving a history of the killing of the prophet, Joe Smith, and his brother, and the murder of Colonel Davenport, etc., from which work I give the following extracts.

CHAPTER I.

THE MORMONS.

'Nauvoo, the headquarters of the Mormon chief and his satellites, in 1844, had already increased to a population of sixteen or eighteen thousand. The great temple, which, by the way, was built for the purpose of a fort or stronghold, was in process of erection, and being rapidly pushed on towards completion. Like the old established system of England, each member was required, aye, even compelled, to give one-tenth of all he possessed, and annually thereafter give one-tenth of his income to the leaders of the Church. The male members were also required to labor one-tenth of the time upon the temple, or, in case of failure to perform such labor, to pay to the temple committee the equivalent therefor in money. A rod of iron, a sceptre of might, was held constantly over their heads to enforce these things, and woe betide the man who dare disobey the arbitrary mandates of that church militant!

While the Mormons were rapidly increasing in numbers, and daily increasing their power and wealth, the country around was suffering severely from a succession of robberies almost without a parallel in the annals of crime. Stock of every description and goods of all kinds were constantly taken, and all in the vicinity trembled lest they, like their neighbors, might be stripped of their all, without a hope of restoration or revenge.

The offenders were frequently tracked in the direction of Nauvoo, and sometimes, though rarely, the property was recovered, but in no case could the perpetrators of the crime be arrested and brought to justice. In case of an arrest at Nauvoo, the accused was immediately released by the city authorities, and the cry of "*Persecution against the Saints*" raised, thus effectually drowning the pleas of the injured for justice, and the officer forced to return and tell the tale of defeat. This done, the fugitive found a safe shelter under the wide-spread wings of the Mormon leaders, and laughed at pursuit.

Repeated threats were made by the robbed and injured, and as often answered by the cry of "Persecution against the Saints!" This cry was responded to from abroad, by those who knew nothing of the real cause of complaint, with sympathy for the "poor, persecuted Mormons," and bitter denunciations against their persecutors, who were the *real* sufferers, and *most* deserving of sympathy. Thus affairs stood, while still worse grew the troubles, and the bud of revenge was bursting into blossom. Even among themselves the seeds of discord were planted, and bitter words were telling that even "Saints" were not perfection, whatever they might claim for themselves, or whoever were their leaders.

In the spring of 1844, William Law, a leading Mormon, openly charged the Prophet (Joseph Smith) with an attempt to seduce his wife. (This soon after became the "spiritual wife" doctrine, and was believed, and even preached to some extent, by the leaders of the Mormon Church.) This charge was promptly denied by the Prophet, and Law was denounced in the most bitter terms for an alleged attempt to slander the Prophet — the holy head of the Church — and as a persecutor of the Saints. Summoned by the high tribunal of the Church, Law appeared, refused to retract what he had said, and again avowed its truth, for which he was immediately cut off from the Church. Being a man of considerable influence, Law drew with him a few of the disaffected members of the Church, who were already tired of bowing in humble submission, and paying tribute to the Prophet Joseph, and being held the ready subjects of his will and pleasure.

Among these deserters were Wilso, Law, Frank, Higby, Foster, and others, who determined to put the world in possession of their grievances, by publishing a long train of corruption and crimes countenanced and practiced by the Prophet and heads of the Church, in which they had long been accomplices, or accessory. In order more effectually to accomplish their designs and bring themselves into notice, they at once set about establishing a printing-office at Nauvoo, in direct opposition to the will and special edict of the Prophet.

In the month of May, A. D. 1844, the new press was put in operation, and the prospectus and first number of a newspaper published, under the title of the *Nauvoo Expositor.* It contained a series of charges against Joseph Smith and the leading men in the Church, including bigamy, adultery, larceny, counterfeiting, etc. In reply to this, the *Nauvoo Neighbor*, a newspaper printed under the direction and control of the Prophet, charged the dissenters from the Mormon faith with the same crimes, and sustained many of the charges by the publication of numerous affidavits, made, without doubt, by the Prophet's *standing witnesses.* Each appeared determined to outdo the other in the promulgation of slander and abuse, which, according to their own stories, each had long possessed a knowledge of. If either were guilty of half they were accused of, the gallows had long been defrauded of its just dues, and earth was teeming with the base, the vile, and the blood-stained.

But while the surrounding country was suffering by and remonstrating against the perpetration of these crimes, and charging them justly upon the Mormons, they, with one united voice, echoed the cry of "Persecution for righteousness' sake." Then was it that the old adage was fully proved, that "When rogues fall out, honest men get their dues."

Upon the issue of the first number of the *Expositor*, the Prophet and his adherents determined to at once silence them by the destruction of the press, and the total annihilation of the office. The subject was brought before the city council, and many inflammatory speeches were made, in most of which the members of the said council participated. Smith, the Prophet, told them that the time had come to strike the blow; that God no longer required them to submit to the oppression of their enemies, and that he should vote for the destruction of the press; that it was a nuisance, and he should order it destroyed as such.

Hiram Smith spoke in substance the same as his brother, and also denounced, in unmeasured terms, Sharp, the editor of the *Warsaw Signal*. He said he would give any man five hundred dollars who would go into the *Signal* office with a sledge and demolish the press; that it should be done at all hazards, even if it took his farm to pay for it.

Upon calling for the vote, eleven voted for, and one against, declaring the *Expositor* a nuisance, and immediate measures were taken for carrying the ordinance for its destruction into effect. The dissenting vote was a Mr. Warring, the only anti-Mormon in the council, and little was he regarded by the hot-headed ones, who were bent on destruction.

The city marshal, acting under the orders of the council, raised a force of several hundred men, headed by General Dunham of the Nauvoo Legion, armed with clubs, etc., and proceeded to the printing-office. Meeting with no resistance, they entered the office, took the blank paper and other materials and burned them in the streets, pied the type, and taking the press into the street, broke it into pieces with hammers.

This done, they repaired to the house of the Prophet, who addressed them in terms of praise, applauding them for their services, and telling them they had but done their duty and upheld the laws. In return, he was loudly cheered by the mob, after which they quietly and immediately dispersed. Some of the leaders, however, remained and congratulated each other upon their success, and the downfall of the power of their enemies. Foremost among them was the marshal, who thus addressed the Prophet:

"General, this is the happiest hour of my life."

"Thank you, my good fellow," was the reply;

"you have done well, done your *duty*, and shall be rewarded for it."

This outrage upon the public press helped to fan the flame already kindled against the Mormon outlaws, for their repeated depredations upon the citizens of the surrounding country, and plainly foreshadowed the storm that was to burst with startling fury.

The dissenting Mormons at once united with those opposed to that sect, and various meetings were called, and all parties urged to arm and prepare themselves to resist any further aggression; to be ready at all hazards to protect themselves and meet the worst. Warrants were issued against the Smiths and other leaders in the destruction of the printing-office of the *Expositor;* and, though served by the proper officers, they refused to obey the mandates of the law, and laughed at its power.

As in all former cases, the writ of *habeas corpus* was resorted to, and all the arrested were at once set at liberty and discharged from arrest—the same persons that were arrested acting as officers of the courts that discharged them; thus effectually defeating the ends of justice, and compelling the officer to return to Carthage, the county-seat, without a single prisoner.

This mock administration of law added new fuel to the flame. The public being convinced that Nauvoo was the headquarters of nearly all the marauders who were preying upon the surrounding community, together with the full belief that the Mormon leaders were privy to their depredations and the resistance and defeat of justice, now became enraged, and determined to rise in their might and enforce the law, even though it should be at the point of the bayonet or saber, and rid themselves of the harpies that were gnawing at their very vitals, and, if need be, drive out the whole Mormon population. Thoroughly aroused, and conscious not only of their power, but also of the justice of their cause, they fearlessly avowed their purposes; and, though still defiant, the most sacred recesses of Mormondom trembled in view of the bursting of the tempest they had raised but could not avert.

The officer from whose custody the Smiths and others were discharged proceeded to summon a posse from the adjacent counties. The Mormon leaders, learning this fact, also gathered their forces. The Nauvoo Legion, organized at the call of the Prophet, fully armed and equipped, and numbering nearly four thousand, with three pieces of artillery, prepared for a desperate resistance.

The City of Nauvoo was declared under martial law, and all necessary preparations were made to sustain the edicts of the Prophet and the freedom of the crime-stained ones, or die in the attempt.

The officer finding his force, or posse, far inferior to that of the Mormons, called upon the Governor of the State for aid to enforce the law, and allow right, for a time, to triumph over might. Governor

Ford, learning the true state of affairs in Hancock County, immediately ordered out several companies of State troops, and repaired with them, in person, to suppress the disturbances, and enforce the law. On his arrival, he proceeded to examine into the causes of the difficulty, and despatched a messenger to Nauvoo, requiring the Prophet Smith to send a deputation to meet him at Carthage and explain the conduct of the Mormons. Smith appointed John Taylor, one of the twelve apostles of the Church, and Dr. Burnhisle, a leading Mormon, to wait on the Governor.

A full investigation was entered into, and Governor Ford instructed the officer having the writs from which the Mormons had discharged themselves to proceed to Nauvoo and demand the surrender of the Smiths and others upon whom the writs had already been served, and in case of a refusal to obey the law, to enforce it at the point of the bayonet; at the same time pledging himself, as the Chief Executive of the State, to protect them from personal violence, and the troops under his command pledged themselves to sustain him.

The officer, with a sufficient guard, set off for Nauvoo, having also an order to disband the Nauvoo Legion, which, on his arrival, was disbanded. The several persons named in the writs also agreed to accompany him on the following morning, without trouble; and how well it would have been, had their promise been faithfully kept!

Morning came, and the hour of their departure arrived, but the Prophet could not be found, he having crossed the Mississippi River during the night, with his brother Hiram, and they having secreted themselves in Iowa; and the officer was again forced to return to Carthage without the prisoners.

Nauvoo was again a scene of confusion, all the inhabitants taking part in the trouble. Some rejoiced at the escape of the Prophet, while others were loud in their curses, avowing that he had deserted them in the hour of danger, left them to the mercy of their enemies, and was the cause of all their difficulty.

Smith, before leaving, had instructed his wife to take her children, with the family of his brother Hiram, on board the steamer "Maid of Iowa," then lying at the foot of Main street, ready for departure, and leave the city. With these instructions, however, she refused to comply, and remained at home.

During the day, several dispatches crossed the river, to and from the Prophet; some advising him to seek safety in flight, and others urging him to return and save the city. Thus urged, the Prophet and his companion in flight recrossed the river about sunset, and on the following morning started for Carthage, and Nauvoo was again quiet. When within a few miles of Carthage, they were met by a detachment of State troops, on their way to Nauvoo to demand the State arms there in possession of the Nauvoo Legion. The Smiths immediately retraced their steps, delivered up the arms on the order of the Governor, and again left for Carthage on the morning of the 26th of June.

On arriving there, the prisoners were examined on the charge of riot in destroying the printing-press, and held in bail for their appearance at the next term of the Hancock Circuit Court. Joseph and Hiram Smith were arrested on the charge of treason, and committed to await their examination.

All was now tranquil, and Governor Ford thinking an armed force no longer necessary, disbanded his troops on the morning of the 27th, leaving but a small force to guard the jail, and proceeded with his suite to Nauvoo. Here he addressed the Mormons, urging upon them the necessity of observing and upholding the laws, preserving order, and respecting the rights of their fellow citizens, and telling them the inevitable result of a continuance of their former course of conduct.

After the troops were disbanded, the most hostile of them believing the Smiths would be eventually acquitted on the charge of treason, and the Mormons still continuing their depredations, and deeming that the only way to secure safety was by ridding them of their leaders, they still continued to fan the flame of revenge that had heretofore been burning but too brightly. Urged on by the Mormon dissenters, who were thirsting for blood, they collected, to the number of about one hundred and forty, armed and disguised, and proceeded to the jail, about five o'clock in the afternoon of the 27th. Having dispersed the guard, they attacked the jail, and Joseph and Hiram Smith, in an effort to escape, were both shot dead. Four balls pierced each of them, and any one of the wounds would have proved fatal. Having accomplished this cold-blooded murder (for surely no other name will apply to it), and glutted their appetite for blood, the mob instantly dispersed.

Great indeed had been the provocation, and the desire for revenge had been nursed and fostered by a long series of injuries, and yet they can, as we look calmly at the past, but little atone for the blood shed on that night, the breaking of the law, and the wanton sacrifice of human life on the fearful altar of the human passions.

Post-haste from Carthage, whose streets were now stained with blood, a messenger was dispatched to Nauvoo, with the news of this double murder, who met Governor Ford and suite on their return from Nauvoo, and a few miles from that city.

The Governor hastened to Carthage, and fearing that the Mormons would rise in force, massacre the citizens and burn the city, advised the immediate evacuation of the town. Most of the inhabitants fled in disorder, fearful that to avenge the death of their leaders, the Mormons would spare none. Governor Ford, having placed General Demming in command of a small body of troops, with instructions to guard the town, and watch the movements of the

Mormons, proceeded at once to Quincy, a distance of about fifty miles.

The effect upon the Mormons was far different from what had been anticipated; for, apparently disheartened by the loss of their leaders, no effort at revenge was made. Sad, silent, and gloomy, they seemed to brood over the past, rather than to think of violence, and all remained quiet.

The bodies of the deceased were conveyed to Nauvoo on the 28th, and were met at the entrance of the city by a large concourse of people of both sexes and all ages, who followed them to the late residence of the Prophet. Here they were addressed by several prominent men of their Church, and exhorted to keep from all violence, and quietly submit to the persecution of their enemies.

After the killing of Smith and his brother, the Mormons had to leave Nauvoo, which they did in 1847. Besides the popular clamor against them, which made their lives in danger, the Legislature in 1845 had repealed the charter of the City of Nauvoo, and they lost many of the political immunities they had heretofore enjoyed. In 1846 they gathered in considerable numbers in Council Bluffs, Iowa, but only as a temporary stopping-place, while Brigham Young, who had been elected to fill Smith's place, was fixing a place for the Saints' future home. The pioneers crossed the plains in 1847, arriving in the autumn, but the great body of followers did not reach the new Zion till the following season.

The vacated houses of the Mormons in Nauvoo, and the well-tilled farms they left behind them, were taken possession of by a French colony, called the Icarians, who were driven out of Louisiana, where they had first settled, by the yellow fever, and came northward, under the leadership of one Cabot. They lived as a community for years, and enjoyed remarkable prosperity; but after the death of Cabot, dissensions sprang up and disintegration set in, most of the colonists moving away. Their places were taken by Swiss and Austrian emigrants, whose descendants to-day occupy the lands first tilled by the early Mormons.

At the time of the exodus, not all the Mormon families left, the love of home in some being stronger than the love of their brethren, and among these was the widow of Joseph Smith, who continued to reside in the palace built for the Prophet, for many years, keeping it as a hotel. She remarried, and her husband, a Mr. Biederman, still lives in what was intended to be one of the finest palaces of the earth. The structure was projected on a magnificent scale, the foundations being laid one hundred and sixty feet square, but only one corner of the building had been erected at the time of Smith's death.

Nearly all the old buildings are now gone, the magnificent marble temple having been ravaged by fire within a few years. This temple was situated on the sightliest spot at the crest of the hill, with massive pillars and columns, and a tower inscribed, "Holiness to the Lord." About the town may be seen the blocks of marble, polished and chiseled, that were once part of the temple. The capitals of each of the thirty-six pillars were enormous square stones, and upon the face was carved a hideous representation of the sun — a grotesque, broad-cheeked face, with rays darting in every direction from the head, and carving intended to portray clouds under the chin. Upon each side of the base of the pillar was carved in low relief a crescent moon, and these blocks are also plentiful in the fields around, too massive for use. There are two arched stone vaults near by, which were intended, probably, for treasure-houses.

Not a few of the residences of the elders and the apostles still remain, constructed of solid walls of brick, with great outside chimneys, and large fire-places within. They are now occupied by the farmers who came into possession after the French colonists had left, by purchasing at tax sales. Nine-tenths of the old town has been destroyed, only the more substantial structures remaining. Among these are the residences of Brigham Young, John Taylor, John D. Lee, Hiram Smith, and others of the leaders. The original coöperative store is now used as a cooper-shop, and the building from which was issued the *Nauvoo Expositor* now serves as a dwelling. The tithing-house is now the home of the Catholic Church, and the parish school is beneath the same roof. A nunnery is within the six-foot walls of the arsenal, which also enclose a young ladies' boarding school. The glory of the Mormon Zion has departed, and few there are left to tell the tale of the rise and fall of Nauvoo.

CHAPTER II.

THE MURDER OF COLONEL DAVENPORT.

On the western shore of Rock Island, looking over the main branch of the Mississippi, and facing Iowa, stands a beautiful residence, adorned by the hand of taste and wealth.

Here resided Colonel George Davenport. Rock Island had been his home for more than thirty years, and his name was identified with the recollections of the neighborhood, and its history, for a whole generation. He was universally loved and esteemed for his generous heart and social qualities. His wealth had been acquired as an Indian trader, and its acquisition had in no respect stained his honor, for in all his dealings he had been honest and upright. He was an Englishman by birth, but had come to America at an early age. One of the first and true pioneers of the march of civilization in the great Northwest, his hold upon the affections of the residents of that part of the territory was strong and abiding.

It was, indeed, peculiarly mournful that the Banditti of the Prairies, amid their outrages upon society, could not have passed by one so loved and so honored.

It was on the 4th of July, 1845. At the courthouse in the town of Rock Island, on the main land of Illinois, a large concourse of people assembled, among whom were the family and domestics of Colonel Davenport, to do honor to the glorious birthday of American Independence. The old man remained at home, alone. His family objected to leaving him thus unprotected, for there was a general fear of the Banditti at that time, in all parts of the Northwest, between the Mississippi and Rock Rivers. However, he insisted that all of them should attend the celebration, disdaining the idea that there was any cause whatever for alarm. The venerable old man could not believe that there was danger to him. Safely he had passed through the perils incident to a frontier life — the horrors of Indian warfare, and the dangers of a lonely residence on the very outskirts of civilization; and now that he was surrounded by all the blessings of a peaceful life, and in the midst of a long-established community, it is no wonder that the old man could not realize the idea of danger.

"Go," said the old Colonel, with a benevolent smile lighting up his wrinkled face, "go, my friends, and enjoy yourselves. I feel secure from all harm."

After their departure, he seated himself in his parlor, reading his newspaper, or following with a pleased gaze the turbulent motions of the Mississippi, as it rushed by the lovely island of his home. At length his attention was attracted by a faint noise in the vicinity of his well, which did not arouse him, as he supposed it was made by some one engaged in drawing water. Presently, hearing another noise, he arose from his chair to go and ascertain the cause of it, when the door was suddenly pushed open, and three men stood before him.

Not a word was said, but almost instantly the foremost of the assassins discharged a pistol at the old man. The ball passed through his left thigh, and as the Colonel turned to grasp his cane, which stood near him, the three men rushed upon him, blindfolded him, pinioned his arms and legs with hickory bark, and dragged him, by his long gray hair, cravat and shirt collar, into the hall and up a flight of stairs, to a closet containing an iron safe. This they compelled him to open, being unable, from the peculiar structure of the lock, to open it themselves. When he had unfastened the private bolt, they took out the contents and then dragged him into another room, placed him upon a bed, and with terrible threats demanded more money. The old man pointed them with a feeble hand to a drawer in a dressing-table near by. The murderers, in their hurry, missed the drawer containing the money, and opened one in which they found nothing of value. Enraged at their failure, and believing that their defenceless victim intended to deceive them, they flew upon him with violence, and beat and choked him until he passed into a state of insensibility. They then proceeded to recall his senses by dashing water into his face, and when he was restored, again demanded money of him; and following the motions of his hand, for he was unable to speak, they again missed the proper drawer. Still more angry, if possible, than at first, they repeated their fiendish brutality upon his person, strangling him until he again fainted. Reviving him by throwing water in his face, and by pouring it down his mouth, they then threatened to "fry him upon coals of fire," if he did not disclose the place where the money had been left, and they would then burn his body in the flames of his own house. The old man fell back, insensible, and totally unable to answer them.

The murderers having found between six and seven hundred dollars in money, a gold watch and chain, a double-barrel shot-gun and a pistol, fled precipitately, as if under the influence of some sudden fear, leaving the house sprinkled with blood from parlor to chamber, and the venerable old pioneer apparently dead upon the bed.

The first discovery of the murder was made by Mr. Cole, of Moline, who, with two other men, was passing down the Mississippi in a skiff. When nearly opposite the mansion of Colonel Davenport, they heard the cry of murder. Rowing to the shore, they hastened to the house, and on entering the door, which stood ajar, they found blood in every direction, and again heard the fearful cry for help issuing from the chamber. Mr. Cole hurried up stairs, where he beheld the terrible spectacle of Colonel Davenport weltering in his blood, and everything around him saturated with his own gore. Mr. Cole, leaving his comrades to render what assistance they might be able to the Colonel, ran for Dr. Brown, who was with a picnic party on the island, at no great distance from the house; other medical aid was also procured with as much expedition as possible.

Colonel Davenport becoming somewhat restored by the assistance rendered him, was able to tell the circumstances of his assault, and to greet his family upon their return; but being in extreme agony from the torture of the wounds inflicted by the assassins, continued to fail, and finally expired between nine and ten o'clock of the evening after the assault upon him.

After a long and useful life and a terrible death, he sleeps well, by the side of the great Father of Waters, whose waves, as they rush to join the ocean, seem to murmur a eulogy and a requiem for the good man departed.

His funeral sermon was preached on the following Sunday, by the Rev. Mr. Goldsmith, of Davenport, from Matthew XII., 39th verse: "And this know, that if the good man of the house had known in what hour the thief would come, he would have watched, and not have suffered his house to be broken through."

Colonel Davenport described the three assassins who attacked him — one, as being a small, slightly built man, wearing a cloth cap; another, a short, thick-set, square-built man; and the other, as a large, middling sized, tall man. His description of their features was not so minute as to excite suspicion of any person in the neighborhood, and as his aged eyes became closed in death, nothing remained to his family and friends, in their earnest desires for justice and vengeance, but to quietly await the events of time, and the mysterious developments of an overruling Providence.

Great exertions were made by the citizens of Rock Island and vicinity to apprehend the murderers. A reward of fifteen hundred dollars was offered by the family of Colonel Davenport for their arrest. Handbills were published, describing the watch and a part of the money, with as minute an account as could be given of the appearance and general character of the three assassins, as described by their victim on his death-bed. Companies were organized, under the direction of discreet and experienced officers, the country was searched in every direction, and a night watch kept up, but all to no purpose. Day after day the search was continued, but not the slightest information could be obtained of the murderers. The alarm spread far and wide, but the assassins had made good their escape, and the only witness able to identify them, the lamented Colonel Davenport, could give no testimony in an earthly court of justice. His evidence was deferred to be handed in at that great court of last appeal, the judgment tribunal of

God—where no witness shall be absent, and no prisoner found wanting, and no victim silenced in death; but face to face, murderer and murdered shall stand, in the clear and blazing light of the great white throne of the Eternal Judge of all.

The brutal murder of Colonel Davenport, in broad daylight, and on a day when every one was joyous and happy, caused a great sensation throughout the Northwest, and no one supposed to have money was considered safe.

The whole community was aroused, and determined at any cost to detect and punish the murderers. The Davenport family offered a reward of fifteen hundred dollars, and the Governor of the State offered an additional reward for the detection and conviction of the murderers; but there seemed to be no clew, although there was known to be an organized band of outlaws, counterfeiters, and horse-thieves, many members of which were well known, and some of whom were suspected of being connected with this murder.

Finally, a man of the name of Bonney, from Nauvoo, informed the authorities of Rock Island City, and the Davenport family, that he suspected certain persons belonging to the gang, and would try and work up the case.

He approached different members of the gang, under a fictitious name, pretending to be one of their stripe, traveled with them, advised them who and where to rob; in fact, made himself one of them, and so gained their confidence.

He followed this up for months, and at last secured evidence enough to warrant the arrest of some eight or ten of the murderers: John Baxter, William Fox, John Long, Aaron Long, Robert H. Birch, Granville Young, Grant Redden and his son, William H. Redden. These were all indicted by the Grand Jury of Rock Island County.

Young and the two Longs were tried, convicted, and hung. Fox escaped. Birch took a change of of venue to Knox County, and broke jail. Neither he nor Fox have ever been recaptured. Baxter was convicted and sentenced to be hung, but through the efforts of his lawyer and the influence of his relatives, the Legislature of Illinois commuted his sentence to imprisonment in the penitentiary for life. Old man Redden was acquitted for want of evidence. It was proven that he harbored them, and that his house was headquarters for the gang, but there was no evidence to connect him with the murder. His son was convicted of being accessory after the fact, and sent to the penitentiary for one year.

The result of the arrest and punishment of these murderers, was to break up the gang and give security to the community.